The Bystander, January 7, 1920. No. 840. Vol. LXV.

The BYSTANDER

"IT'S SO LONG SINCE WE MET!"

BY W. E. WIGFULL

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BYSTANDER COMMENTS

"For this Relief Much Thanks"

A LUCKY friend of mine who, for years before the War, was a winter *habitué* of Monte Carlo, and has succeeded in escaping our fogs and rain this year, tells me that the absence of the Germans from the rooms and terraces makes everybody realise how intolerable and how penetrating they were.

Outwardly, at any rate, the *haute volée* of the German nobility were much the same as other decent folk. But it was the lesser fry, gross in purse, gross in person, and gross in habits, who were beginning to have a marked effect on the *clientèle* of the Casino. They were most permeating. Certain parts of the Terrace where they were wont to congregate were carefully avoided by other visitors. And what used to be most amusing of all was the care taken by the paltry German royalties to avoid their fellow-countrymen of this brand.

I wonder how these same royalties are amusing themselves now? A dull old stuffy Schloss must be a poor exchange for the green tables, the Café de Paris, and the adulation, feasts, and curtseys of nabobs and toadies.

A Penetration that is No More

BUT overpowering as were certain types of German—particularly the rich *industriel*—that descended on the Riviera and Italy in the winter, they were woolly lambs and hidalgos in comparison with those who came in the early autumn. These were a veritable scourge. Many of these came on school prizes; others on cheap circular tickets, so cheap that they scarcely cost anything at all.

If little Ludwig Dinkelstein won a certain prize at school, it carried with it a holiday in Italy for himself, Herr papa, Frau mamma Dinkelstein, and a Dinkelstein sister, paid for by an appreciative Fatherland. The same Fatherland did most of the paying for the cheap, cheap *reise* tickets that brought Puppelheimers, Stinckelstadts, and their kind in myriads. It was part of the programme of peaceful penetration. But shade of Attila, how mean they were! And how the French and Italian hotel people hated them!

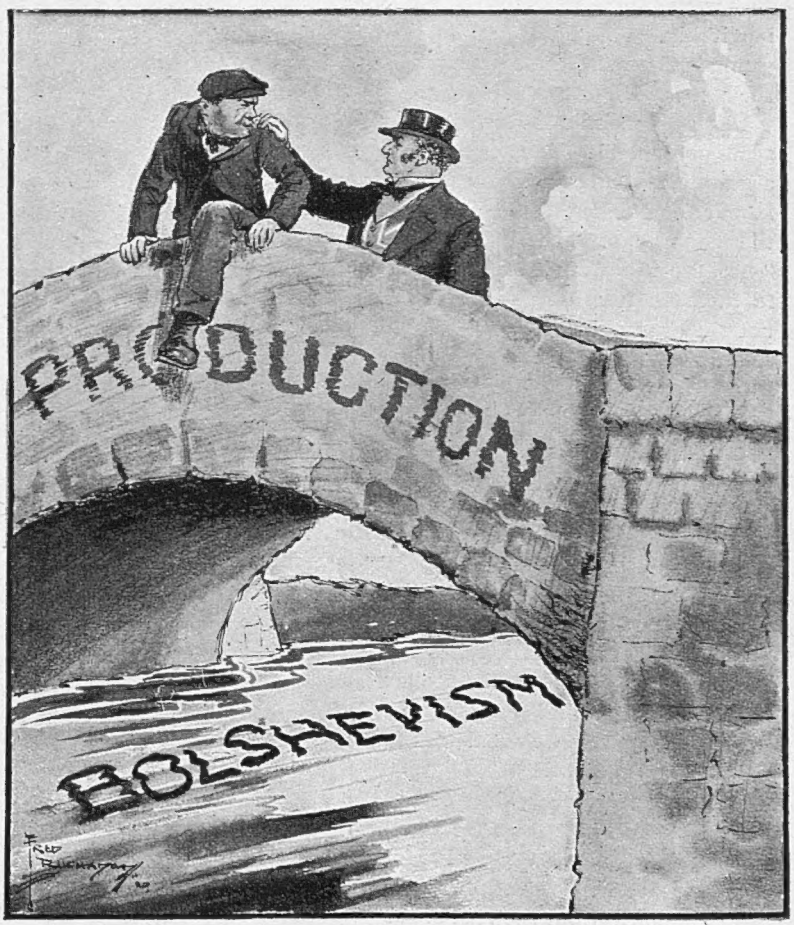
A hotel-keeper at Rapallo—which was practically a German colony—told me that during certain months of the year, when the hotel was filled with the ex-Kaiser's ex-subjects, the hot water cistern was never heated, as there was no demand for baths!

A Question of Hairpins?

I WONDER if the two ladies who, by virtue of the Sex Disqualification Removal Bill, have passed in through the former most unwilling portals of Lincoln's Inn and the Middle Temple, will wear the barristerial wig after they have been called to the Bar? And if they do will they arrange their own hair "accordin'"?

Those two funny little curlybits that hang down at the back of counsels' wigs would make for hilarity if they dangled over a "bun"; and as for the effect of the wig itself planted on the top of a fashionable *coiffure*, I ask you, oh! worldly wise, what jury could convict, or award a sobbing breached-of-promise umpteen damages?

No, the lady barrister will either have to "bob" her hair or arrange it in an infinity of little plaits as actresses do when they wear wigs in costume plays. And if this is so, do you think, you who have been grateful on occasion for a horse-clipper in the pleasant land of France or Mespot, that we shall live to read in the *Times* Law Report, things like



1920—LEAP YEAR

MR. BULL: "Look before you leap, my lad; this bridge will carry us both over the rapids!"

BY FRED BUCHANAN

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)

this:—"The opening of this case was delayed for half an hour because counsel for the prosecution had forgotten her hairpins, and the female-usher was unable to supply the required quantity. The Judge made a scathing remark upon the waste of public time, and was sharply rebuked by his wife who held a watching brief for an interested party."

Women, the Law—

BOTH the ladies have stood most gallantly to their guns. Mrs. Thomson has "bided her time" for six years, and Miss Normanton for nearly two. The first lady has the glow of knowing that Time has reversed the decision given against her in the Courts in favour of the Law Society; and the second that the same Old Reverser and Turn-Upside-Downer has turned the dictum of twenty-six judges to dust and ashes, and cocked a snook at the "objection" they found "in common law" to her entering the Middle Temple.

THE DUKE OF WESTMINSTER
Plays a "knock-up" on the hard courts at Monte Carlo where he is at present staying.

—And Some Possibilities

BUT women-barristers and women-magistrates! Jury-women must follow inevitably. And then let the women-defendants and women-prisoners who wear hats and garments above their means and beyond their station look out.

Please, this isn't my opinion—I know nothing of such psychological mysteries. It is the opinion of a lady who would have given her cook a year's hard labour for stealing some seed for the canary of her aged aunt, "because she wore two large pink feathers in her hat"—the cook, not the aged aunt.

Our Prince

DURING the holidays I amused myself during the whole of a wet morning—and a Devonshire wet morning, you know the kind, streams from Heaven like walking-sticks, and no sign or glimmer of a break—in trying to find a parallel in the history of his forebears to the affection which the nation has for the Prince of Wales. And how far back do you think I had to go? To the Black Prince—and that is nearly six centuries!

Prince Henry, the eldest son of James I., captured the public heart, but he died young. George IV. for a brief space held something more than popularity, but the root of the matter was not in him, and he was essentially vulgar-minded. King Edward was always popular as Prince of Wales, but there has never been that feeling which the Prince has inspired of personal affection—one might almost say personal ownership—between the people and the heir to the Throne from the thirteen hundreds until now. I got a prize once for history; and, I believe, this discovery of mine can't be controverted. If it can, let the budding historians do it.

VISCOUNTESS UFFINGTON
Ski-ing at St. Moritz where she is spending a winter-sports holiday.

Bill Gawber Orates

"CLARENCE," remarked Bill, "I'm worritted again. You see a (purple) thing comin' on, an' comin' on, an' yer sez yer won't 'ave it, yer sez, an' then . . . if yer don't find yerself (fiery) well copped. Yer may remember as I was talkin' ter yer abaht female J.P.'s, months ago. Don't expect yer do, seein' as yer wrote it down orl wrong in that (scarified) BYSTANDER o' yours. Illiterate lot o' (bloaters) yer are. But, any'ow, wot I said was it was all my eye an' Betty Martin, an' the females'd keep orf the Bench. Fancy seein' 'em keep orf anything! Well, they 'aven't. That Lloyd George o' yours 'as made seven of 'em J.P.'s. Wot are we comin' to? I arsks yer?"

"But, Bill, I thought you were a Suffragist?"

"I am a Suffragist. Let 'em (foaming) well suffer, I sez. But yer 'aven't seen the list: two lidies an' five pets o' the Coalishern. Not a (corroded) workin' woman among the lot of 'em."

"Oh, be patient, Bill. I can tell you privately they're going to put working women on, too, and that I believe Mrs. Gawber's name is on the Hackney panel. She ought to get her J.P. this year."

Crime

"WOT!" roared Bill, suddenly pale. "Mrs. Gawber ter sit on the Bench, an' come it over me, an' certify me fer lunacy? No, Clarence, you can't mean it. It'd be crool. It'd mike me tike ter Pussyfooting in self-defence like. Why, if a man is ter 'ave a (thunderstruck) beak in 'is 'ome a-boilin' the taturs an' keepin' a legal eye on 'im, I tell yer, Clarence, that'll be the end o' English 'ome life. There won't be no plice like 'ome, an' that'll be one comfort. If Mrs. Gawber gits on the Bench, I sez a life o' crime'll be the ony wye out. A man'll get no (bubbling) peace until he's in quod. Though I dunno as a life o' crime is as fashionable as it was." "What!" I cried. "When men are killing

Political Personalities in Caricature

NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS.

BY A. H. D'EGVILLE

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded)

women whom formerly they would merely have compelled to study Bradshaw, when armed assaults in banks. . . ."

"Ar! yer give me the sick. Wy don't yer read the piper? 'Aven't yer seen as Nevil Macready sez there ain't 'arf the crime as the pipers make aht? Don't cher know as burglary's goin' down? I don't sye as the shops ain't coppin' it a bit, but there's less business done in 'ouses. P'r'aps it's 'cos there ain't no 'ouses; p'r'haps 'cos the burglars is in the Cabinet. But there it is."

Optimism

"I'M glad to find you in this amiable frame of mind. Are you getting pleased with the world?"

"Pleased is puttin' it (flaming) 'igh, wot with 'Bus 38a tiken orf, an' Mybel, as is in the City, practisin' the two-step 'cos she sez it's modern. I moderned 'er with the (flocculent) coal scoop, I did. No, I ain't pleased. Ain't my natur like. But when I thinks o' the new Old Age Pensions, with ten bob a week for the ole folks at 'ome 'oo ain't got nuffing, 'stead o' the (fetid) two 'arf a crowns as usedter drive 'em giddy, I feel there's some good in the (saccharine) world."

GENERAL DEGOUTTE

Who will command the Allied Rhine Army when the Peace Treaty finally comes into operation

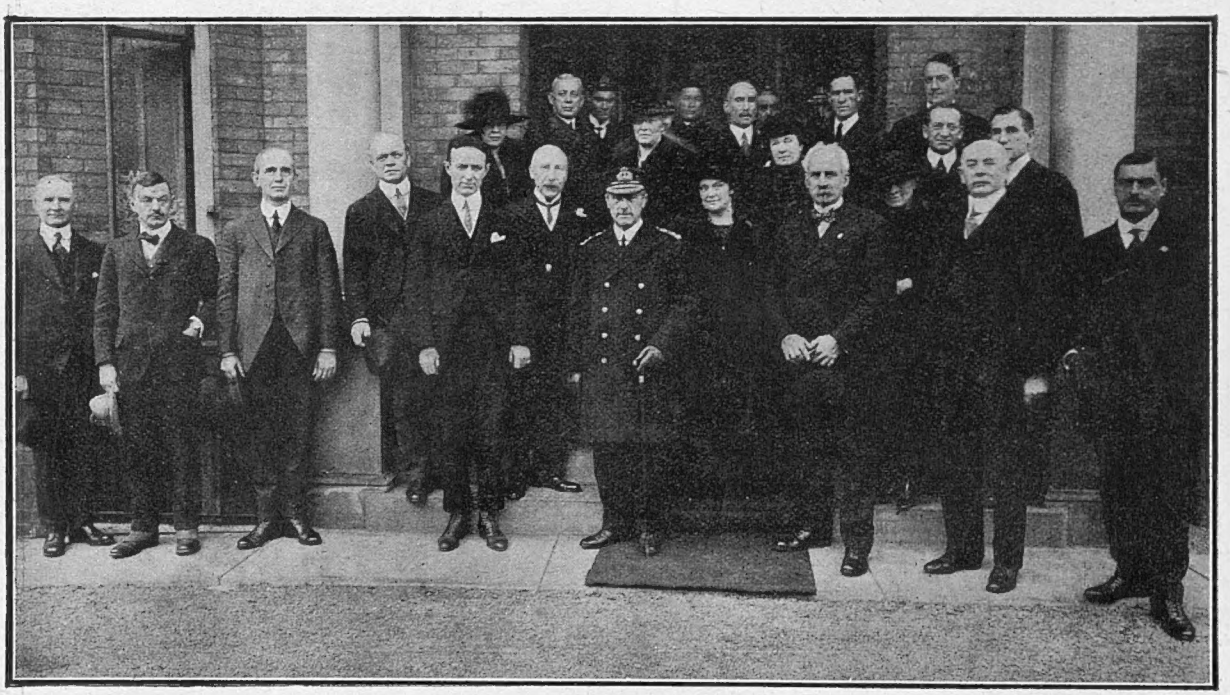
—And Its Cause

"I DIDN'T know you had such a soft heart."

"Ar! old yer (decayed) rah! 'Oo's talkin' of 'earts? All I knows is my ole mar as sleeps in the shed when it ain't full o' coal, she's gittin' ter be an investment like. Mikes one feel tender ter the (decorated) aged. Yer know, Clarence, I usedter think her an encumbrance like. But now when the ole geyzer pads 'er 'oof ter the Post Office for 'er Bradbury, I feels: Wot is 'ome without a mother? A (gory) deficit."

The Empire Ball

JANUARY is the month of all others for fancy dress balls, and many and varied are the associations which have been arranging them at Covent Garden, the Albert Hall, and elsewhere. But there is little doubt that the very biggest success awaits the Great Annual British Empire Ball, which is to be held on Wednesday, January 21, at the Royal Albert Hall, in aid of St. Dunstan's After-Care Fund, of which Queen Alexandra is patroness. Many distinguished names figure among the patrons of this dance, and include those of H.R.H. Prince Arthur of Connaught and the Prime Minister. An important feature of this ball is that it will be regarded as a gigantic reunion of past and present officers of the British Forces. There has already been a heavy demand for tickets, and readers are recommended to apply without delay. Tickets are obtainable of the Hon. Organising Secretary, 306, Regent Street.



ADMIRAL JELLICOE ARRIVES AT TORONTO

Distinguished visitors photographed at "Chudleigh," the home of Mr. George Beardmore at 136 Beverley Street. In the centre of the group are Admiral and Lady Jellicoe; next to Lady Jellicoe is Commodore Aemilius Jarvis of Toronto, then Controller Robbins. Slightly to the left of Viscount Jellicoe is Mr. George Beardmore, his host; then Mayor T. L. Church, and Controller Cameron, partly behind the Mayor

Jap(an) The Giant Killer

UNCLE SAM : "We're just goin' t' leave it to you, Partner, to see that that monster don't get no further East. ***We trust you abso-lutely***"

THE JAPANESE : "I will do my best ; but excuse-a-me, I have of-ten wish many times that honourable Allies speak like-a-this—little bit soona ! "

BY E. T. REED

Dancing and Revelry

USHER IN THE NEW YEAR AT THE ROYAL ALBERT HALL

SOME IMPRESSIONS OF THE CHELSEA ARTS BALL

By HELEN McKIE

"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM "BLANCHE" *ILLUSTRATED BY HELEN McKIE*

LONDON, *January* 5, 1920

DEAR COUSIN—

DID you make good resolutions? And have you broken them? Be very dull, after all, for resolutions, wouldn't it, if all of us merely *kept* them?

卐 卐

ONE sins, too, this way, in pleasant company. In love, and in broken resolutions, one is never alone—"Drink, Asclepiades! Why these tears? Not of you only has the cruel Cyprian made her prey, nor for you only bitter Love whetted the arrows of his bow!"

卐 卐

CHIEFLY employed, most of us, this week, I think, pulling ourselves together. For life, real life's, got to begin again *some* time, hasn't it? Christmas, 1919, seemed to last for years, New Year, 1920, for months. . . . And now is the morning after the night before.

"The morning after the night before."

卐 卐

A HEADACHE-ISH moment. These Peace Christmases—*and* these Peace New Years—are, to say the least, a little hectic. And oh, ye gods! but what a resilience, what a springiness, what an unquenchable buoyancy there is in the (alleged) dull, heavy, plodding Englishman.

卐 卐

FIVE years of fearful War, a million of her sons gone west, and billions of her treasure too, the country a Profiteer's Paradise, and most of the burden of bankrupt Europe laid upon Britain's heavy-laden shoulders.

卐 卐

YET never, from all showings, has England spent such a determinedly "merrie" Christmas. Never shopped so hard, eaten so unsparingly, danced so diligently (*queues* for dance-places now, you know), pantomimed so assiduously, frivolled so unashamedly. One even hears of anti-Pussyfoots who quaffed the flowing bowl this Christmas fairly freely. And you've got to be fairly nicely above yourself to do *that* when beer and bubbly alike cost more than double what they ought to.

卐 卐

NOT, of course, that anything *we* can do in the orgy line these days really counts—next to the royal riot of prodigality going on in America. Simply left standing, so the story goes, were those institutions which, on Christmas Day in New York, succour with bread and beef the poor and needy. There *weren't* no poor nor needy!

DEAR me! It *was* an amusing War, wasn't it? Seems to strike that way even America's own usually so self-complacent mentors, who see in these U.S. riots of wanton extravagance and wild expenditure nothing less than "a mockery of the starving millions in Europe."

卐 卐

ALL the same, *was* a bold editor-man, wasn't it, who suggested the other day that feeding the starving Austrians would be "a fine field for American endeavour, money, and management?" If there's *one* thing, as every tactful person knows, that annoys a profiteer more than another it's even a mere whisper of a suggestion that now it's *their* turn to do their bit.

卐 卐

REMINDS me, spite of the prowling profiteer aforesaid, don't think things look *so* dusty for 1920, do you? Seems that success, these post-war years, will go to physical force. Enormous trade awaits the hardest worker . . . Let this our England be that dull but necessary artificer—then Eureka! England will be her puissant self again; at the hands of her sons even her wounds of War bound up; we'll be top-dogs for another æon or so.

卐 卐

AND in any case since, *vide* the astrologers and what-not, not Mars, but Venus, is now in the ascendant—well, ought, anyway, to be in for a nice *affectionate* time, oughtn't we, especially as Neptune

"Anything we can do in the orgy line."

"IN ENGLAND—NOW!" (*concluded*)

and Mercury appear to be hanging around also? Only trouble is, terrible time-waster is Madame Venus. Isn't it in Ovid?—"So prone is love to idleness that you who desire an end of love attend to business; then will you be safe. . . ."

卐 卐

POOR England! Must she really be either at war or at work? Must there always be either tragedy or travail for—

My country, that great magic cup which spills
Into my mind a thousand thousand streams
Of glory mellowing on the mellowing hills
And in the little valleys?

卐 卐

IS it the price of Empire? Do those who dwell in Lotusland *never* become millionaires? Or is it only poets (who *never* make money) who write as Flecker did "To a Poet a Thousand Years Hence"—

I, who am dead a thousand years,
And wrote this sweet archaic song,
Send you my words for messengers
The way I shall not pass along.

I care not if you bridge the seas,
Or ride secure the cruel sky,
Or build consummate palaces
Of metal or of masonry.

But have you wine and music still,
And statues and a bright-eyed love
And foolish thoughts of good and ill,,
And prayers to them who sit above?

卐 卐

I WONDER! Amazing though—and rather grateful and comforting—how foolish old things that we *know* are foolish, somehow survive. Take the moment's theatrical occupation — pantomimes. Though Einstein, as *The Times* says, has given time and space a severe shake-up, Drury Lane pantomime still stands firm upon the antique ways. It piously conserves its traditions, its primal elements, its idiosyncrasies. . . . And its principal boy is a girl—which is quite Shakespearean, isn't it?

卐 卐

BY the way, seems physical force, as aforesaid, is even to be a national necessity on the stage in future. At least one of the critics of Mr. Martin Harvey's *Hamlet* (produced on Boxing Night in the midst of a very debauch of *Jack-in-the-Beanstalks* and *Cinderellas* and *Puss in Boots* and *Aladdins* and things) complains that the newest Hamlet has neither the weight nor the momentum to put Shakespeare over in Covent Garden.

"Have you ever tasted water from a well . . ?"

卐 卐

HARD on this most charming little actor, isn't it? For everything else in the garden is lovely. A wonderful setting! Vast blue curtains under vast dark skies; great halls artistically empty; no footlights (or not that you'd notice); mournful music; austere but lovely dresses. . . . The truth is, I mean, that, according to the critics, there never was or will be as good a Hamlet as-there-used-to-was—apparently somewhere in the 'forties! After all, *why* distress oneself over a melancholy thing in murderers when for the same money—or less, if they're *really* going to put theatre prices up—one can dance the evening through, thus combining healthy exercise with the conventional contiguity proper to man and maid? Which is a fearful Philistinism, I know, but that *is* rather what you feel like—after.

卐 卐

"HOW," writes a soldierman from somewhere in Arabia, "now that the Russian show is over, what about swinging the pendulum of your cheering sympathy to the other climatic extreme, dearest Blanche, to that outpost of Empire here at Ho-de-I-dah. (Yes, we always yodle it like that to neutralise the unpleasant thoughts the damplace conjures up.)

卐 卐

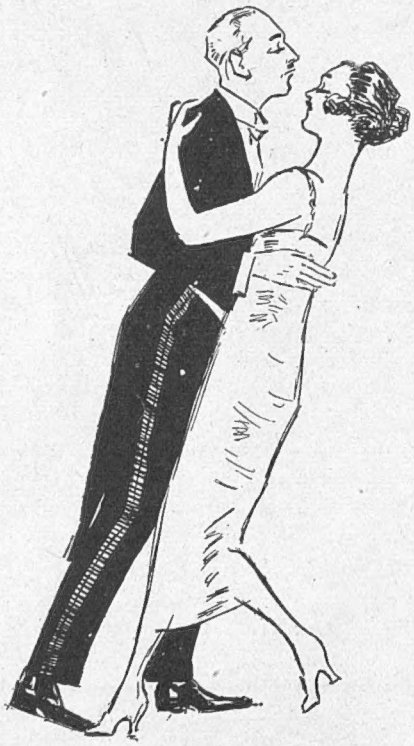
"HERE have we, an attenuated branch of the Aden Field Force, perspired these many moons, and no word of comfort has ever filtered through to this fringe of Hades—like the proverbial drop of water on the tongue of the damned. Which reminds me, Blanche, my child, *have* you ever tasted water from a well at the bottom of which a camel which has loved—and lost—lies in an advanced stage of other worldliness? (Ask Helen to illustrate this.) (! !)

卐 卐

"BAR your weekly *billet-doux* in the good old BYSTANDER, our distractions are dismally few, our chief *musical* entertainment being the whining tunes of our chatty Arab friends' soft leaden bullets. But *still* we love you—and I can't say more nor that,—Yours, SAND-*and*-SUN-SICK. P.S.—Is the grass still wet in England, now?"

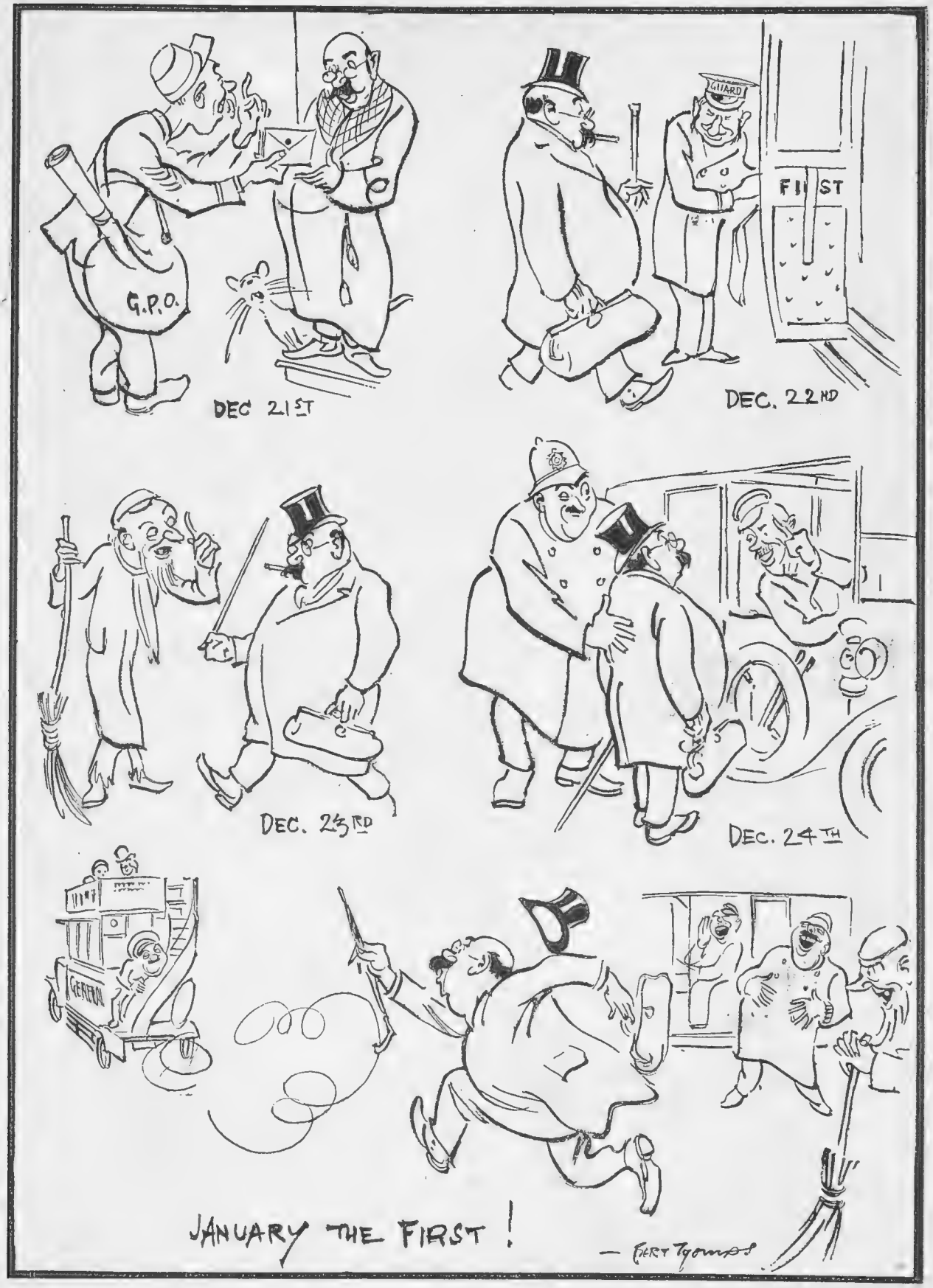
Yes!

With love, yours ever, BLANCHE



"One can dance the evening through"

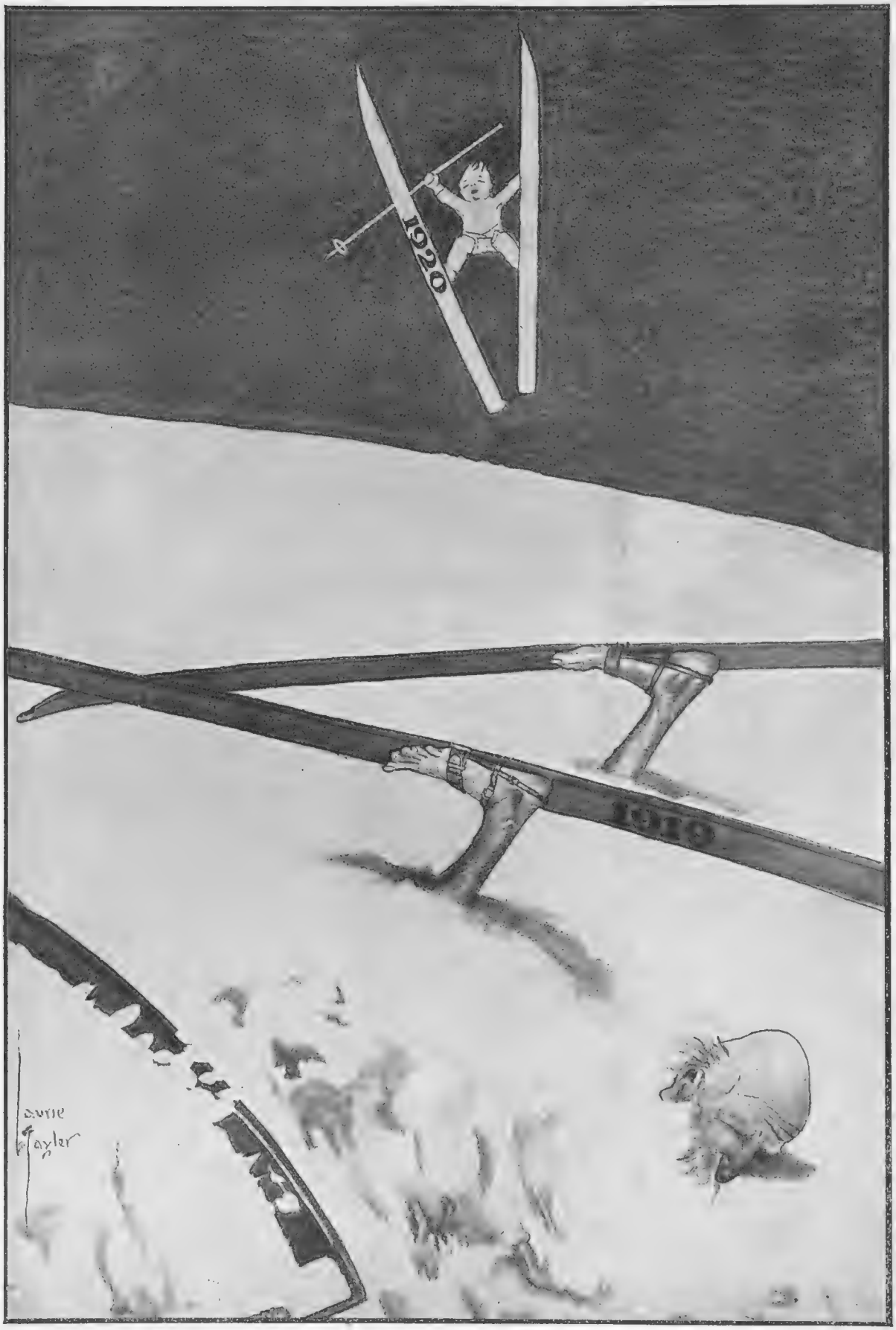
"Man, Proud Man—



—Drest in a Little Brief Authority"—MEASURE FOR MEASURE

BY BERT THOMAS

Ski-ing It In!



1920 ARRIVES

BY LAURIE TAYLER

No. XI.—Reggie on Foreign Affairs

"But suppose, for argument's sake, that America doesn't sign," I said. "In that case. . . ."

"Don't argue," replied Reggie. "Let 'em get on with that in America. They can afford luxuries. We've had our bit of enjoyment. After five riotous and happy years in khaki, with Heaven paying everybody's salaries, we've got to get back to the grey facts of a workaday existence.

"It's hard, I know, but we're now feeling the after-effects of an orgy of sentiment. What our Allies and other enemies don't understand is that Britain is the most sentimental old hoss in the universe. We are rough and ready, we have no manners, and we can't cook an omelette for nuts. But beneath this rugged exterior we have hearts of gold, filled with the purest attar of benevolence. The trouble is that nobody else believes it, and we are too maidenly timid to say so.

"That's what annoys me over this sentimental business. We sob ourselves hoarse over the woes or virtues of others, but the moment somebody suggests we might squeeze out a tender drop for ourselves some silly ass gets up and says, 'Be British.' England's only expected to be vocal when the health and song's about somebody else.

"Take dear old France, for instance. Goodness knows, I was always pro-Alphonse, long before the days when Fritz crossed the Rhine to do him in. Where would the world be without the country of *Veuve Clicquot* and other feminine attractions? I'm all for it. But admiration should have its limits.

"We poured out the sentiment with too lavish a hand. It was too thick and too syrupy. There was no end to the stream and no variation in its consistency. And the French, who are a logical and clear-headed nation, took it all with both hands. The French know a good thing when they see it. They are never embarrassed by polite attentions. They like 'em, and, like Oliver, they ask for more.

"Well, the supply was never lacking. For nearly four years it was kept up, and, 'pon me soul, one wondered where it all came from. And then a slight change came o'er the scene. A new glory appeared on the horizon. It was a tall, thin man, with a smile. His name was Wilson. And the word went forth to concentrate on him a drum-fire of adulation without parallel in history.

"Wilson took it smiling. He also liked it. From Press, Parliament, and Platform the joyous heavy stuff was hurled at him. Twelve-inch compliments burst round him at the rate of a hundred the minute, and he never blenched. He was told he was the greatest thing ever, and he bowed. He was told that without him the world was a crawling dustheap, and he waved his hand. He was told that poor old effete Europe was down and grovelling, but that one bottle of his new mixture would make it a new man—and he raised his hat. He was told that the aching, weary world was in the hollow of his hand, and that it was for him alone to mend the cracks and put on the patches. And he replied with the one word, 'Sure.'

"And so Wilson sailed for Europe. In all previous demonstrations ever known on this earth the welkin was dumb compared to the joyful sounds it now echoed. The Arabian Nights and the Field of the Cloth of Gold were not in it with the welcome handed out by the Old World to the New."

"A sort of combination of Alexander the Great, Demosthenes, Father Christmas, and St. Peter"

"But surely, Reggie, you are not complaining of that. Ordinary politeness. . . ."

"That's just the point. It wasn't. It was too extraordinary for words. If President Wilson seemed as big as the Statue of Liberty before he left New York it was nothing to the size of him after he'd made a little stay on this side. Day by day the leading articles in the London Press added cubits to his stature. He bestrode Europe like a Colossus, as dear old Shakespeare said. Gulliver among the Lilliputians was merely an overgrown lad compared with Woodrow among the

MONOCLE MONOLOGUES (concluded)

Europeans. He could sit in Paris, stretch out his left hand, and tickle King Emmanuel under the chin in far-away Rome. With his right hand he could lift the roof off Buckingham Palace, peep inside at the inhabitants, and say, 'Howdy, King and Queen.' And down somewhere near the turn-up of his trousers Lloyd George and Clemenceau were shouting upwards with megaphones, and asking for the latest tip with regard to the League of Nations, as they would like to send a bit to their newspapers.

"And all the while, true to its proud tradition of always booming the other feller, the British Press, Parliament, Platform, and Public, laid the molasses on President Wilson with a steam shovel. Did it rain? The chorus thanked Heaven P.W. was with us. Was there a row in Dublin, or among the Jibul-Jebel tribes on the Afghan frontier? Our ultra-Radical organs pointed out that P.W. was even now considering the question in his Paris flat, and would soon put a hefty one over the British Empire. Did Germany show her nasty canine teeth? P.W. would type them a tract, and would soon convince them that they were in the wrong. And it was to be noted that the more foamy at the mouth in their panegyrics were the British spell-binders, the more studied and sober were the greetings of the President to us on the occasional days when the exigencies of the time forced him to hand out a return bouquet. It's possible he harbours a deep-seated love and admiration for the British Empire, but in some ways he's a man of few words, and he never showed it.

"Mind you, old thing, I'm not blaming P.W. in all this. Few men could have stood up to it as well as he did. It was entirely our fault for P.W. being transformed into a sort of combination of Alexander the Great, Demosthenes, Father Christmas, and St. Peter. The French rumbled the trouble long before we did, and sounded the 'cease fire' very early.

"Wondering from what direction . . . will come the next brick"

"If he'd been allowed to come amongst us like a simple President, with only a four years' sentence to work off, all would have been well. But our fatal British habit of handing out the molasses proved to be the undoing of the world. P.W. was hoisted on to Olympus, and once up there hated to come down again. Once we'd let the genie out of the bottle he grew so big that we couldn't reach up to shake hands with him. Hence the Pyramids. Hence, also, the fact that the greatest Peace Conference of all time, which was to bring joy and a Sunday joint into every home, proved to be a wash-out.

"At first the American people were quite dee-lighted with our boomification of their Big Chief. But as they saw him growing and growing over in Europe they began to get the wind up. Having seen what autocratic one-man stunts had done for Europe they began to wonder whatinell the new President Wilson would do to America. They saw him walking about with kings in his pocket, just like Napoleon, and thought he might catch the complaint and start in on America with a ready-made Woodrow the First dynasty. The American nation hitched up its slacks and reached out for the strap. 'Wait till little Woodrow comes home after galumphin round Europe,' it said. 'We'll sock him good an' hard.' And as he stepped ashore all unsuspecting at New York, complete with smile and Peace Treaty, the American nation unloosed its torpedo, and blew the result of forty thousand leading articles and ten thousand telegrams of warm adulation into little bits.

"And that's the reason why the poor old world, instead of being able to lie down peacefully for awhile and lick its little wounds, is now up on its flat feet again, armed with poker and candle, and wondering from what direction out of the all-encompassing darkness will come the next brick. That's why Mr. Smillie refused a Dukedom, and why the British James O'Goblin is worth about three half-dollars. That, in short, is why we've all got the hump, and are wondering what's the good of fighting a War if you can't get a peace after it. And all because the British nation, when it comes to adulation, doesn't know when to stop, and makes a silly old ass of itself."

"But surely, Reggie, it was all meant for the best. The world expected much from President Wilson, and . . ."

"And might have got it. But in real life the old story of the Prodigal Son is always reversed. A man may easily be the Big Noise when he is among strangers. But he has a thin time when he arrives back in the bosom of his family. They can never forget what he was like when he was young. And the banquet spread before the returned wanderer usually takes the form of a lemon."

A Job of Work for the New Broom!

THE NEW YEAR: "Phew! What a fearful mess!!"

BY C. E. B. BERNARD

"Fairy Elves, whose midnight revels by a forest side . . . he sees."—PARADISE LOST

AN IMPRESSION OF MADAME LOIE FULLER'S DANCERS

Who are now appearing at the Coliseum

BY MACMICHAEL

HOME AND BEAUTY AT THE PLAYHOUSE

By
"JINGLE"

Illustrated by
MACMICHAEL

GLADYS COOPER AS VICTORIA.

THIS is an entirely amusing play that dots the i's and crosses the t's with an unusual freedom. Yet it is all done so dexterously that the onus is thrown on the spectator for any interpretation of calculated impropriety. If Mr. Hawtrey makes a commonplace remark, and the audience greet it with a shriek of laughter, as they frequently do, that is clear evidence that they are putting upon it some fantastic meaning of their own. Incidentally, I have not for some time heard so much spontaneous laughter in a theatre as that which greets many of the quite unconventional sallies here. The audience seem to take a slightly malicious joy in laughing at situations that are decidedly *décolletées*, as if it were desired to prove that however much the faddists behind the Government may continue to restrict the liberty of the individual, they are powerless to ration mirth, even when it is of a wildly extravagant kind.

To begin with, we have a young and frivolous war-widow, named Victoria (Miss Gladys Cooper) whose marital affection is inconstancy itself. Her first husband, of whom she speaks tenderly as Bill, is supposed to have been lost on the battlefield, and at the earliest opportunity she marries Fred, who leaves her regretfully in order to get on with the War. In his absence Bill turns up again, and knowing nothing of the little complication that has arisen during his absence, naturally takes his place once more at the head of the household. Shortly after that, Fred comes back, and while Bill is very glad to see his old friend, he is a little puzzled to see Fred making himself so much at home. Observing that an explanation is needed, Fred remarks that he is there because Victoria happens to be his wife. Curtain!

THE situation so far might have been a page from real life, and Bill might have gracefully

performed the Enoch Adren stunt, and retired in favour of his rival. But the opposition to any such proceeding comes from the flighty Victoria herself. In her airy way she declares that while she is in love with both "husbands," she is not very keen on remaining the wife of either. While the two men are debating between themselves as to which of them shall continue to be the lady's husband, Victoria is receiving attentions from a third party who is very rich and has loved her from the very first. As Bill (Mr. Hawtrey) pathetically explains, in their case, the eternal triangle has become a perfect square. So much so that when they announce their intention of drawing lots to decide the question as to which shall claim the lady as his own, Victoria sincerely hopes that they are not going to do anything so silly, as she has just become engaged for the third time.

VICTORIA is clearly resolved to marry the third man, and as a divorce will first be necessary, she trusts that neither of her "husbands" will put in the way any obstacle that will prevent her from obtaining her freedom in time to join her new husband at the next Derby. The last act is, therefore, devoted to details of the means for securing the necessary divorce. In this respect the subsequent proceedings have a value of their own, since they indicate the methods by which very modern couples succeed in regaining their freedom, and for all I know to the contrary, may very well be founded on fact. In charge of the business is a lawyer who claims to be an expert in the art of securing divorces, as he well may be, considering the tricks with which he seems so disastrously familiar.

AS gallant gentlemen, the two "husbands" naturally do not wish to be the plaintiffs in so delicate a matter. They are quite prepared to appear as the guilty parties from whom Victoria of her own accord is seeking release. And it is at this point that the unconventional humour comes in with both feet. To begin with, the legal opinion is that there must be evidence both of ill-treatment and misconduct. The experienced lawyer shows the two men how the ill-treatment fake is worked. In the presence of the servants, who will be subsequently called as witnesses, Bill must take Victoria by the throat and noisily express his longing to do her in. And so that there shall be no mistake about it, the lawyer advises the two to rehearse the scene once or twice before calling in the official audience.

THE misconduct is, of course, quite another matter. As people who read the Sunday papers

LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS (*concluded*)

are aware, evidence is usually forthcoming that the defaulting husband stayed for a night at a hotel with a lady who was not his wife; and it is very properly taken for granted that neither Bill nor Fred could be capable of such a grave irregularity. But here the resourceful lawyer is the man on the spot. He not only secures divorces, but he supplies the means by which they may be obtained. He has in his employ a maiden lady of unimpeachable respectability, named Miss Montmorency, who is prepared to assist any gentleman anxious to qualify for divorce, for a fee of twenty guineas.

It is not for me here to analyse the tortuous ramifications of the average human mind. I take my refuge in the simple and obvious fact that words have the meaning properly assigned to them. To begin with, one glance at Miss Montmorency is sufficient to satisfy anyone that she really is the staid and proper person she claims to be. She is a lady of what is usually known as a certain age, meaning thereby a very uncertain age, indeed; and she is business-like to her finger-tips. Only once did one of her clients attempt to take advantage of the unusual situation, and he was very soon put in his place by a private detective who happened to be stationed outside the door. Miss Montmorency's method is to take supper with her gentleman friend at the hotel, and then to play cards with him until morning, when she politely takes leave of him, and reports to the office for the next job. It is, perhaps, an unusual occupation for a demure maiden lady, but she is the sole support of a widowed mother, and that, as we know, is a position that justifies everything. This part is very cleverly played by Miss Jean Cadell, whose sweetly simple statements keep the audience in a constant roar.

The play is already an established success, as it well deserved to be. Mr. Charles Hawtrey is as delightful as usual, and his unemotional way of speaking emotional lines is an important part of the rich gaiety of the evening. He is ably supported by Mr. Malcolm Cherry as Fred; while Miss Gladys Cooper is, of course, like the good wine that needs no bush, especially as, added to her clear sense of humour, she has her own personal charm. Miss Lottie Venne, as the sympathetic mother-in-law, is as agreeably droll as ever, and her playful nonsense is a welcome addition to the rest of the uproarious fun of the play.

JINGLE

The Bystander in PARIS

"LE RÉVEILLON"

Illustrated by MARCEL PONCIN

"It was a terribly difficult business to decide where one should greet the glad day"

MES AMIS,

VIVE dix neuf cent vingt! He arrived some hours ago *le brave gosse*, and what a success he had. There never was a babe more abundantly baptised. *Santé! Santé!* and everyone *debout!* Oh, the good wine of France that does not leave a headache in the morning!

What things we are going to do in 1920. Every man will be a millionaire or to the *lanterne* with the profiteers! Old Henri Quatre with his silly ambition that every peasant should have a chicken in the pot for Sunday's dinner was an amateur in bright ideas to those who made *réveillon* this year in Paris. We'll make Carpentier President of the Republic and he will decree that every woman shall be beautiful and every man be dosed by Doctor Voronoff for the good of the *patrie*.

THAT is what we will do. What we did was just as crazy. You see we have not had *réveillon* for five years unless it was an extra bottle of *pinard* in a front line trench and an extra strafe from the Boche. So Monsieur le Préfet, bless him, out of the goodness of his black heart, and having just learned that the War was ended, most graciously allowed that *la belle liberté* should once more have her fling in the Republic. One would not exaggerate, one only adds that she took him at his word.

The only trouble was that it was midnight at the same time all over the city. It was a terribly difficult business to decide where one should greet the glad day. In the Champs-Élysées there are half a dozen spots where the revel promised grace and good wine and something startling in the way of decoration. In some of the little side streets off the Grands Boulevards supper is of a succulence unknown in any other quarter of the globe. But in Montmartre all things combine, and if one cannot take one's wife's aunt there, well, there is all the less fear of meeting one's wife's aunt just at that inconvenient moment when Fifi demands that you shall do the jazz roll with her on the table.

BUT I remember the wise words of little Agnès: "You must not write of things to shock my English friends." Nonsense, your parsons dance the jazz in England, and Fifi the night of *réveillon* is only joy incarnate. We have been miserable long enough. *Vive* Fifi and one's wife's aunt and 1920!

You know, between ourselves, last year in Paris was a stupid kind of year. That pompous Peace Conference thought it was the centre of everything, and life was smothered under politics. But Life and Joy came back last night when 1920 at the strike of twelve floated through the window of that nameless haunt which Marcel and I decided in the end was most Parisian in Paris, and best deserving for its moderate charges to be honoured by us. Being in a hurry the *nouveau né* had not had time to put on many clothes, but she was not on that account less in the fashion. We pelted her with flowers while she danced for us and toasted her, and kissed each other, and sang joyously and out of tune, and danced and every time we met an old friend or a new we drank another champagne cocktail. Five years of *réveillon* to be celebrated in a single night, five years of lost embraces to be made up for, five years of youth to recover! Oh, *c'était délirant! Vive* 1920!

ONCE in a moment of weakness, some little time before the misty dawn stole through the

"She was not on that account less in the fashion"

What Does it Contain?

Don't bother about Sun Spots: What about Earth Spots? Can 1920 rid us of Ireland, Mexico, and Russia?

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS (*concluded*)

curtains, I whispered to some little Fifi of aches and pains, tango-begotten. "*Allez, consultez Voronoff!*" she cried at me, and slipped into the arms of some green grandfather rejuvenated with the elixor. I do not make complaint, but I think that it was my English half that betrayed me, for that frail French Fifi, whom you or I could waltz with standing on our shoulders, had confided to me earlier that it was her twenty-second fox-trot since her day began.

Perhaps there were in the *riches quartiers* revels more elaborate than ours. But none were gayer. You pay more in the Champs-Élysées, but you frolic better in Montmartre. And when they turned us out we went to Marcel's studio to see how the Montparnes kept it up. There the exhausted ones fell down in heaps upon his *canapé*, or slept propped up against an easel while their host in a dream and his head nodding played on "The Magic Tango."

By ten o'clock next day every night comes to an end, and I must tell the respectable half of my history. For the first time since January 1, 1919, my *concierge* has smiled at me. I had vowed to myself a dozen times that she would get no *étrenne* this New Year's Day, but one is always weaker than one's vows. Especially my conscience pricked me because I stuffed the *billet* in my pocket yesterday to give her, and, *voilà!* somehow it had disappeared in the night, and I had to find another.

"My concierge has smiled"

That done, and having wished her a happy New Year, as if a *concierge* could ever be happy or look like it, to serious business. In France we don't indulge in those most sentimental verses that the English love to send at Christmas with pretty pictures of plum-puddings and ideal snow, but visiting cards must be exchanged with everyone who claims acquaintance, and flowers sent to every lady of one's hopes and loves, according to degree. To every member of one's family, who has not already cut one out of his or her will, one pays a visit. Perhaps you laugh because these mediæval customs survive among us, but so it is that with dutiful days we compensate for our frivolous nights.

It is to that we go to return. Everyone cries "To work! to work!" Especially those ones cry it who have made so fat profits in these five years that they will never work again. And because one must have a good resolution this *jour de l'an* one says to oneself, like a parrot, "To work! to work!" *Diable* yes, and one will have to work in this 1920 to be able to live at all. But also we must have our nights to laugh and riot and live. *Sans ça*—one cannot work. *Vive* 1920!

PHILIPPE

"When Fifi demands that you shall do the jazz roll with her on the table"

"THE NEW YEAR'S EVE"

BY BLAMPIED

Men, Women and Books

LEAVE cars that haven't a car vice,
With Williamsons at their wheel;
Quit the glowing girlies of Garvice,
And Florence's folks who feel;
Say that your heart you'll harden,
And, resolved to escape the spell,
Leave Caine in his high hall garden,
And Ethel alone in her dell.

Leave Marie to mind her atom,
And Annie to feed her swan;
And John with his oxen, to fat 'em,
And Vicky her crossing to con;
Turn never the pages of Gertie;
Quit William's side in the queue;
Leave froth to the flappers of thirty,
And turn to the tale that's true.

What if peace grows a little frailler
When Fraternity's bolts are hurled;
When Perrin falls out of his trailler
And the Duchess wrecks her world;
When the Arrow of Gold beshatters,
And Jim must on sorrow feast;
For if life be as mad as a hatter's,
It shall be Life at least.

FRANK ELIAS

AWFULLY BRACING!

"I thought you'd like them, Reggie, they are just like mine!"

By C. E. B. BERNARD

THE LIMIT!

"And me a vegetarian these ten year!"

By HESKETH DAUBENY

Flat Notes

HURRAH! I've discovered a flat,
And really I haven't been long.
The house agent said to me that
It was to be had for a song.

I said, "At the price I won't carp.
A song? I shan't quaver at that!"
So the house agent fellow looked sharp,
And I said I'd look at the flat.

So—lo, I'd seen nothing so-fa,
'Twas forte! I said I would "view,"
While he had a rest in a bar
With a nice tonic minim or two.

Along to the mansions I went;
It wasn't a bad little place.
It might have been treble the rent,
For a landlord who's natural's bass!

Then the house agent added, "You see,
On top of the rent that he quotes,
If you want me to give you the key,
You must find me a few 'tenner' notes."

'Twas the agent who found *me* a flat,
Though it was to be had for a song,
For I've paid for the pipes, and all that,
But it's *he* calls the tune, and it's long!

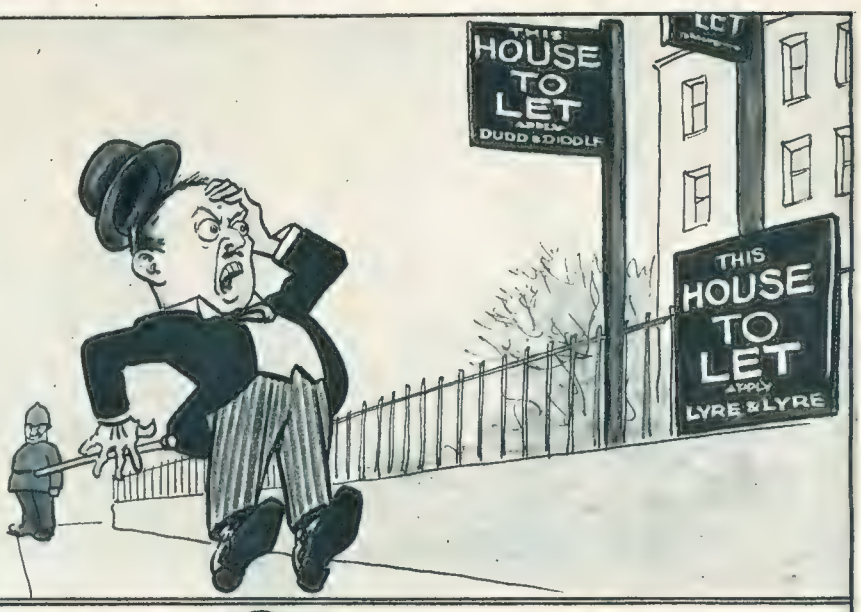
HARFORD WORLOCK

Old Leete's Almanac for 1920

JANUARY

S	...	4	11	18	25
M	...	5	12	19	26
T	...	6	13	20	27
W	...	7	14	21	28
T	1	8	15	22	29
F	2	9	16	23	30
S	3	10	17	24	31

There will be a Sensational Discovery in a London Suburb



FEBRUARY

S	1	8	15	22	29
M	2	9	16	23	...
T	3	10	17	24	...
W	4	11	18	25	...
T	5	12	19	26	...
F	6	13	20	27	..
S	7	14	21	28	...

The engagement will be announced of two very exalted persons

MARCH

S	...	7	14	21	28
M	1	8	15	22	29
T	2	9	16	23	30
W	3	10	17	24	31
T	4	11	18	25	...
F	5	12	19	26	...
S	6	13	20	27	...

There will be an acute Financial Crisis

SOME PROGNOSTICATIONS

BY ALFRED LEETE

Old Leete's Almanac *(continued)*

APRIL

S	...	4	11	18	25
M	...	5	12	19	26
T	...	6	13	20	27
W	...	7	14	21	28
T	1	8	15	22	29
F	2	9	16	23	30
S	3	10	17	24	...

We shall probably hear some good news from Holland

MAY

S	30	2	9	16	23
M	31	3	10	17	24
T	...	4	11	18	25
W	...	5	12	19	26
T	...	6	13	20	27
F	...	7	14	21	28
S	1	8	15	22	29

A Wave of Optimism will pass over the Country

JUNE

S	...	6	13	20	27
M	...	7	14	21	28
T	1	8	15	22	29
W	2	9	16	23	30
T	3	10	17	24	...
F	4	11	18	25	...
S	5	12	19	26	...

The health of a great personage will cause widespread anxiety

Old Leete's Almanac *(continued)*

JULY

S	...	4	11	18	25
M	...	5	12	19	26
T	...	6	13	20	27
W	...	7	14	21	28
T	1	8	15	22	29
F	2	9	16	23	30
S	3	10	17	24	31

The Channel Tunnel will be commenced

AUGUST

S	1	8	15	22	29
M	2	9	16	23	30
T	3	10	17	24	31
W	4	11	18	25	...
T	5	12	19	26	...
F	6	13	20	27	...
S	7	14	21	28	...

Unemployment will be rife

SEPTEMBER

S	...	5	12	19	26
M	...	6	13	20	27
T	...	7	14	21	28
W	1	8	15	22	29
T	2	9	16	23	30
F	3	10	17	24	...
S	4	11	18	25	...

The cost of living will probably go up

Old Leete's Almanac *(concluded)*

OCTOBER

S	31	3	10	17	24
M	...	4	11	18	25
T	...	5	12	19	26
W	...	6	13	20	27
T	...	7	14	21	28
F	1	8	15	22	29
S	2	9	16	23	30

We shall hear of something which will cast a gloom over the whole Country

NOVEMBER

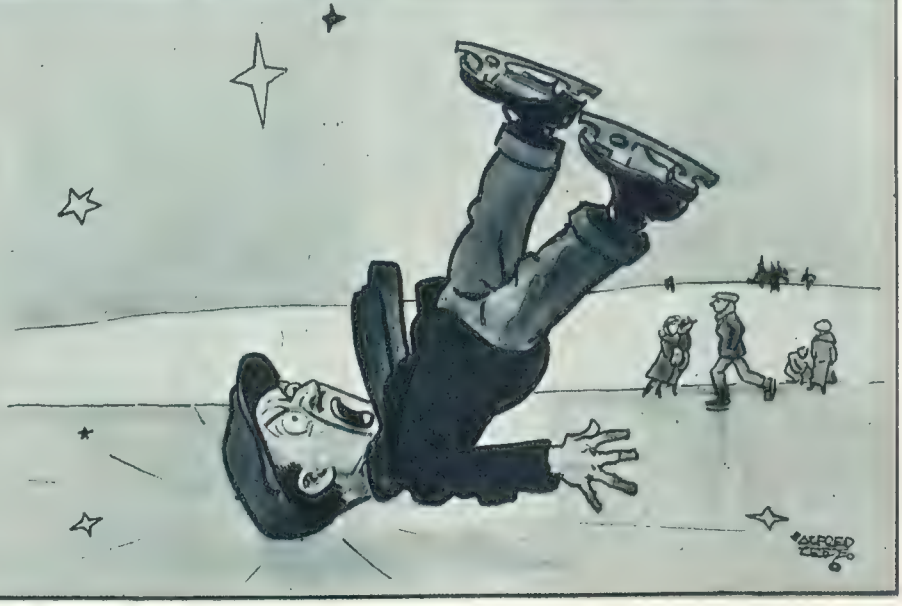
S	...	7	14	21	28
M	1	8	15	22	29
T	2	9	16	23	30
W	3	10	17	24	...
T	4	11	18	25	...
F	5	12	19	26	...
S	6	13	20	27	...

There will probably be a Revolution in Ireland

DECEMBER

S	...	5	12	19	26
M	...	6	13	20	27
T	...	7	14	21	28
W	1	8	15	22	29
T	2	9	16	23	30
F	3	10	17	24	31
S	4	11	18	25	...

Several new Stars will be discovered



A LONG-FELT WANT

The "Rookadirri" Restaurant now thoughtfully supplies its patrons with ear-trumpets and megaphones so that they may enjoy a little conversation whilst the Jazz band is in eruption

By L. R. Brightwell

The Link

BY DELL LEIGH

THEY came in, out of the mud and rain of Bond Street, and looked self-consciously round the room for a table. The teas-hop was crowded. People, to whom tea and their companions were but means to a common end, stared with fashionable effrontery. Women, having tea with other women, looked him over with expressionless, critical eyes in a moment of speculative thought.

"Her husband: bored to death: pretty tie: weak mouth: nice figure: selfish: not very interesting——," "and so I said to her, 'My dear, you'll *never* keep a servant if. . . .'" Men, unmindful, as usual, of the perceptions of their womenfolk, looked at her with open admiration.

"My word, *some* figure; knows how to put her clothes on; topping teeth, rather a dearie; awful pup the man looks; hope she sits in view——. Yes, those cakes are rather dud, aren't they? Have some. . . ?"

Two old women from a boarding-house in Inverness Terrace rose, feeling cold, and the young couple sat down among their *débris*.

Neither spoke.

Each glanced expectantly about the room. Her gaze wandered from face to face with that polite vacuity of expression common to the pretty woman who lives in crowds. She was well aware that nine men were searching her face, and that thirteen pairs of feminine eyes were making a mental inventory of her wardrobe. She pulled off long brown gloves calmly. A man at the next table drew her eyes by the intensity of his, and she smiled—at her husband.

"Eh, what did you say?"

"Nothing," she replied. "Order some China tea, Fred; the other is so tasteless always here."

"Is it? Same's most places, I s'pose. Waitress"—he beckoned—"China tea, please, and some of those *éclairs*"; and he turned to the moody contemplation of a blemish on his shirt cuff.

"Bring a little brown bread and butter, will you?" said his wife.

"Oh—er—yes, brown bread and butter. Sorry."

This had been their favourite hiding-place when they were engaged. But that was six months ago. The sky had been a different colour then—a permanent blue. A man can forget more than brown bread and butter in six months. Even during the honeymoon he had sent to Gamage's for a Rugby football, and had become immersed in a crowd of struggling natives on the sands. He left her to watch the sunset by herself.

"THE LINK" (*concluded*)

Afterwards, when the novelty of all the new things in the house had palled, there had grown up an emptiness. They both felt it. They were both angry about it. But the feeling, shared by each, was never mentioned.

He sipped his tea and grumbled at the lack of sugar. She picked a piece of cotton from his coat. He remained unmoved and seemed hardly to notice it.

"Suppose I ought to buy something for old Westmacote, oughtn't I?" he said.

They had been doing Christmas shopping since lunch.

"Yes. Shall we go to Hambro's? That reminds me, I've got nothing for Auntie Mim yet," she replied, stifling a yawn.

"What a curse the whole thing is!" He felt for a cigarette-case. His sentence seemed to her to sum up the whole situation.

And if anyone had told her, six months ago, that she could have sat here with him in such an atmosphere, she would have considered the remark a sacrilege.

He signalled to a waitress, "Bill, please."

They stood on the pavement, putting up umbrellas.

"Are we going to Hambro's now?" she asked tentatively.

"Oh—er—can't we do that to-morrow?"

"Why?"

"Well, it's after five, and I have got some letters to write."

"You mean at the Club?"

"Min." There was a note of ashamed apology in his voice. She thought he would break away soon. She wondered as they walked towards Piccadilly what subtlety of attraction lay behind those swing doors. Of course, it was a place where one got away from one's wife. But all she could ever see from the railings of the Green Park was a rather dowdy smoking-room and dreary old men crouched inimically behind newspapers.

They were stopped on the kerb at the corner of Albemarle Street by the press of traffic and a small child, slipping in the mud, escaped death by an inch from a skidding taxi.

Fred dashed into the road and carried her to the pavement. She screamed with fright, though unhurt.

To her amazement his wife saw him kneel in the wet in his immaculate trousers and wipe the child's face with his silk handkerchief. She also heard him use endearing, soothing words that she had never heard from his lips before. His touch about the shrinking shoulders was tender. He was absorbed. His wife was forgotten.

But as she left him at the door of his Club and sped towards the house in Knightsbridge in a taxi her heart sang within her.

She, too, possessed the link wherewith to bind him.

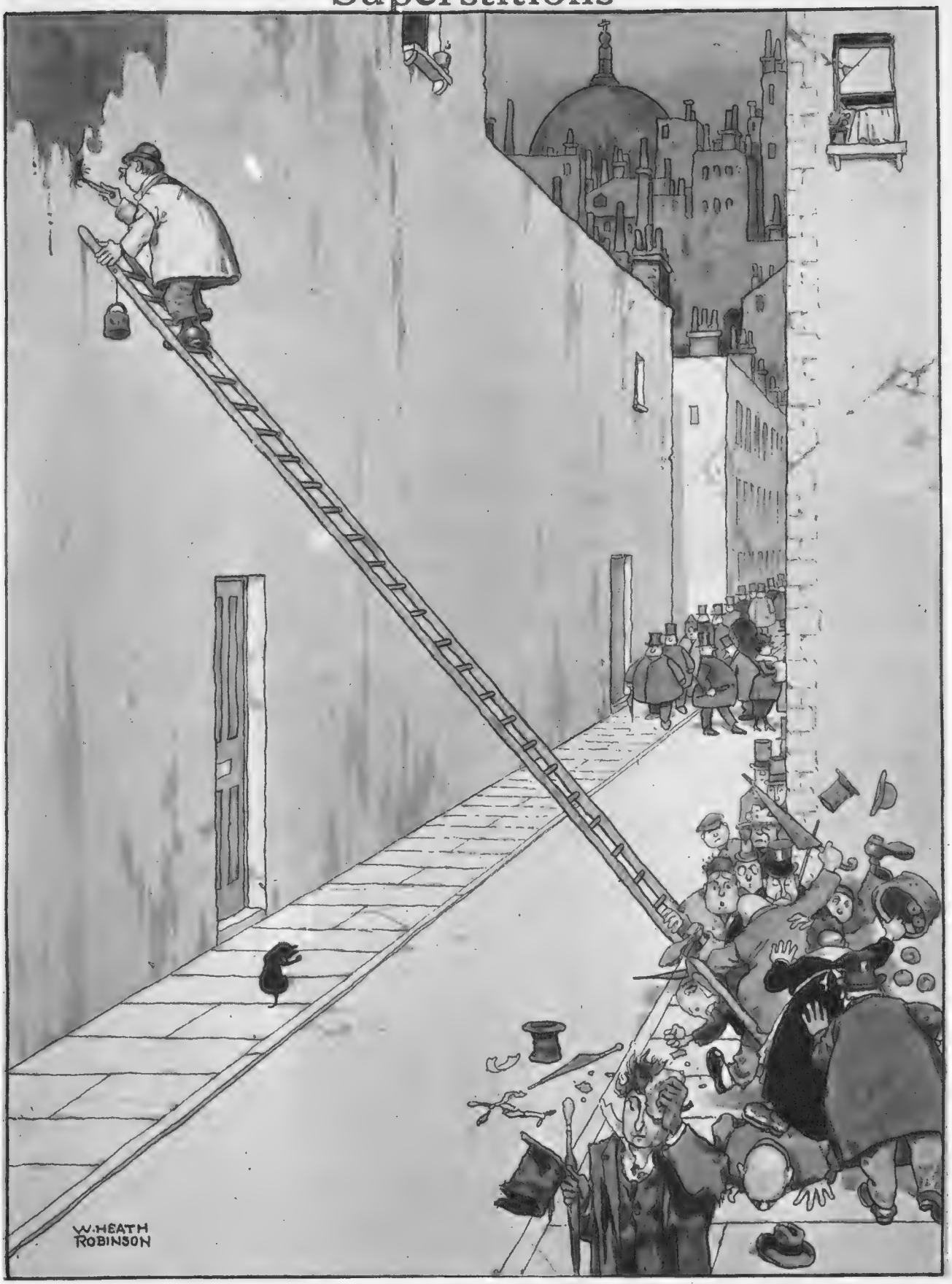
And he did not know—yet.

DELL LEIGH

"FOOLS RUSH IN——"

By Norman Keene

Superstitions



AN INTERESTING INSTANCE OF THE POPULAR AVERSION TO WALKING UNDER A LADDER

BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

Occupiers on Leave

BY THE BYSTANDER IN OCCUPATION

MANY and varied are the troubles of the Occupying Bystander, due to his black coat in this land where khaki holds supreme sway, but, on hearing the tale of woe of an officer just back from a Christmas leave, he began to feel that even a civilian might at times score over the military. This was not an unpleasant feeling to one who has suffered the glances of cold suspicion cast on him in the club by bebrassarded wives, has the almost nightly experience of being stopped by zealous M.P.'s, who *always* say "Ausweis, bitte," before they ask for his passport in English.

THE leave man's story was a terrible plaint of woe from start to finish. "I always seem to choose the carriage on the Collogony Bollogony express where the heating is *kaput*," he began, "and going through the devastated zone I would have positively welcomed the detonation of an old Bosche 'delay-action,' simply to convince me that the earth was *not* really frozen concrete-hard. At Boulogne, just as the attendant had turned on my bath water at the 'Louvre,' a perfect little gentleman of a Colonel professed to be so blinded by the lustre of his own stars and crown that he could not see me in the doorway, and pinched the last free bath. Even Henry, of international fame during the War, was absent, gambling his tips away at Monte—and his successor imagined two Vermouths and a drop of angostura constituted a Martini.

"ONE consolation only did I find on my homeward journey. That obnoxious Colonel was spreading himself at the bookstall, buying up all the highest-toned journals he could think of at the top of his voice—(no, he did *not* buy THE BYSTANDER, and he certainly did *not* ask if the current issue had one of those Rhine articles—don't I tell you he was buying good stuff?)—and, just as we thought there was a chance to get in a word with the clerk *re* a copy of the *Winning Post*, he demanded in his best 'Simla' accents the *Athenæum*."

"'THE wort?' inquired the bookstallclerk.

'The *Athahnæum*,' replied the Colonel person in the voice that has made subalterns quail and pack mules stand to attention.

'*'Earth an' 'Ome*:' said the bookstall clerk, nonchalantly. 'Don't keep it——. Yours, sir?'—and everyone smole a quiet smile as that Colonel retired, very much peeved, to his Pullman.

"AS for England! I ask you, can a man who comes back primed with all the most lurid tales our gallant Intelligence Wallahs can produce of treachery plotted by the Bosche, prepared to make everyone's flesh creep—can he do himself justice when his entry in uniform into the club is signalled by the voices of his twenty best friends crying in unison, 'Stop the Waste?'

"The military and their feminine property"

"AND I might say, by the way, that it's quite unnecessary for your pal Oakley to encourage them by doing silhouettes on that subject or for you to write about it: perhaps you both think the Bosche is going to keep quiet and pay the indemnity because he loves you, and *not* because we have a few soldiers and camouflaged civilians on the Rhine?

"WHAT is the use of trying to talk about intrigues and secret histories of the Courts of Europe when you are only told exactly what a waste of the taxpayers' money one's job on the Rhine is. In town, everyone gives you a 'why-are-you-still-in-khaki?' glance, and it makes me tired to think of the number of dam fools to whom I've had to explain that since the limpet is a salt water mollusc, to talk of 'The Limpets on the Rhine' is simply puerile.

"The 'why-are-you-still-in-khaki?' glance"

"AND the prices! My dear old thing, they made one weep. It is all very well out here when one is told a bottle of wine costs fifteen marks to translate it into shillings and pence and think—a drinkable bottle for one and eight? Not so dusty. The trouble is, one reverses the process at home, and on being asked half-a-crown for a whisky and soda, thinks—'Heavens, twenty marks for that!' So the process goes on till one looks at one's passbook coming back in the leave train, and realises that what one has spent in pounds on a quiet leave would, when translated into marks, keep the average German for a year."

SO the B.-in-O., who does not get half-yearly holidays at the taxpayers' expense, feels that he does not miss so much after all.

ERIC GORDON

"Then We Had a Drappie, Juist tae Mak' Us Happy"

AN IMPRESSION OF THE STEPS OF ST. PAUL'S WHERE THE CLANS FOREGATHERED ON NEW YEAR'S EVE

BY LAURIE TAYLER

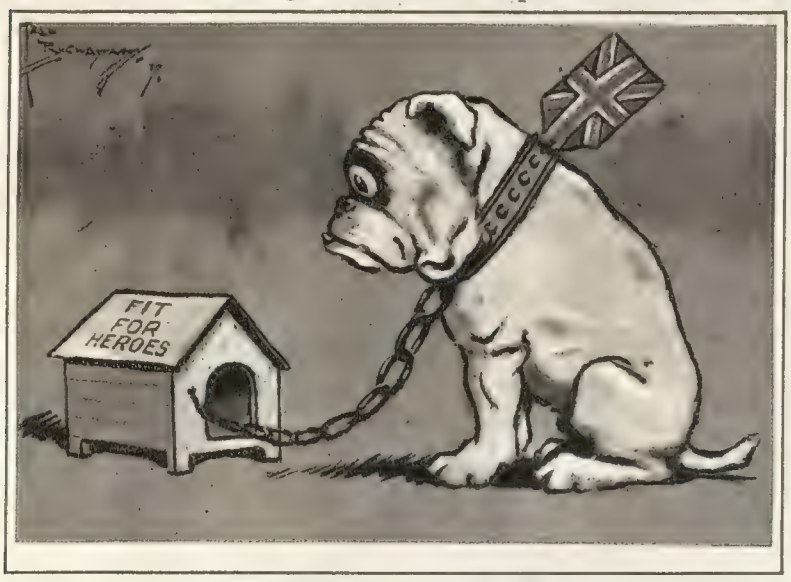
POLITICS: The League of Nations

By "FITZWILLIAM"

We all want a League of Nations, all, indeed, who are not intoxicated by individual pride or national ambition. Even before this War many deplored the impotency of the Hague Tribunal, which was not quite fair, when we recall that it succeeded in settling the Dogger Bank incident, when Russian vessels fired on British fishing smacks; thirty years ago this might have made war; The Hague saved us from that.

* *

But of the League of Nations we expect much more. If we have it at all, we want it to be impartial, efficient, and obeyed. We want it to be a real power, not a dummy: a dummy is worse than nothing, because instead of security it gives false security. Few of us are wedded to the old system of alliances. We don't want to go into an alliance with France—if the League of Nations can protect France. Nor into an alliance with Japan—if the League of Nations can keep the peace in the Far East. Nor do we want a Russo-German alliance—if we are sure that the League of Nations can maintain equality of commercial opportunities for all.



THE HOUSING PROBLEM

By Fred Buchanan

* *

In that sense Lord Robert Cecil is one of the most notable figures of the present day. The Cecils have rather disappointed us since the third Lord Salisbury, but Lord Robert, who is very much a Cecil, exhibits the best qualities of his family, and so far few of its defects. On the whole, he has always been on the side of fairness and freedom, and so it is not wonderful that he should look upon the League of Nations with eyes somewhat blinded by a propitious dawn. For my part, I suspect that he hopes too much of it; a gentleman does not always understand the emotions of a highly-placed person, who has the soul of a carpet auctioneer in Bagdad. Because he himself has nobility, he expects too much nobility. And so, when one hears him passionately advocating the inclusion of all nations in practically open assembly, one is minded to cheer him and at the same time to call him Lord Robert Quixote.

* *

Of course, Lord Robert does not fall into stupidity. The Cecil tradition of statesmanship is too strong for that. Thus, while he in general endorses open diplomacy, he does not mean that delicate negotiations must be conducted within earshot of the *Daily Yell* in London and the *Donnerwetter Zeitung* in Berlin. He merely favours the suppression of secret understandings. Who is against him? If a thing is fair, it can well be public.

* *

In regard to the League of Nations, Lord Robert Cecil seems more than most of us satisfied that it will work. I wish I could be so sanguine. Already we are in trouble; it may be that the United States will compromise on the points they have raised, that they will realise that their old isolation is gone, just as ours went, and that it is no use standing out against European entanglement. Not only was America entangled in this War, but what is the use of talking of standing out when to-morrow aeroplanes will be built that, starting from Petrograd, can drop Lewisite bombs on Chicago and get home next evening? When submarines capable of carrying a battalion for landing are being drawn in engineers' offices?

* *

America will come in. This because everybody must come in if the League is to work at all. The neutrals must come in; if America had remained neutral nobody would argue about this. And our former enemies must come in when the time is ripe, that is, when absolutely stable governments can take responsibility for their representatives. Russia, notably, as soon as she recovers her political legs, must come in, because no League would be a League that left out a country vaster than the rest of Europe.

* *

That being done, all is not over. I am of those who do not want the League of Nations made up of diplomats, nominated by their Governments. I do not like diplomats. We had wars (within twenty years) in 1897, 1898, 1899-1902, 1904-05, 1912 (two wars), 1913-1914. To say nothing of half a dozen scares. To my mind the delegates should be ordinary M.P.'s, people who at least have some contact with average men and women. We want open debates, fair dealing, and, above all, faith. The League of Nations resembles other causes: it is faith that makes the cause worthy of our faith.

Un-Parliamentary Portraits

No. 3.—"THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS"

THE RIGHT HON. LORD ROBERT CECIL, P.C., K.C., M.P.

BY D'EGVILLE

"THE FIRST CALLER" (1920)

BY BLAMPIED

Monte Carlo while you Wait

By
C. N. & A. M. WILLIAMSON
Illustrated by PIZER

V.—Heart of the Game—and a Girl

MAJOR LLOYD, V.C., was rather at loose ends for a few days after his bubble of romance broke; and Monte Carlo had lost for him more than half its blue-and-gold glamour.

He hadn't been in love with Mrs. Thorne; only dallying with the idea that he might be. But he had come through five years of war, and the thought of love had been sweet as a garden after the mud of Flanders. He was by nature a chivalrous man, and with Althea out of his day-dream, he felt as St. George might have felt with the Princess married, and no more dragons to exterminate.

One day, when Roc Azur had ceased to talk of Mrs. Thorne, and gone back to jabbering about systems, he was playing his own listlessly, though with success. Luncheon time came. He was divided between the dictates of habit, and a desire to keep his place at the Roulette table. If he went even for a sandwich in the Casino restaurant, he would lose his chair. The place couldn't be kept over more than a few spins, by marking it with a five franc piece.

As he peeped at his wrist watch, a small voice said, "If you want to lunch, shall I keep your seat?"

Lloyd glanced up in surprise at hearing a girl's voice speak in English.

Yes, it was a girl, a pretty girl; a little girl, very young, very English, simply—almost poorly—dressed.

Lloyd got to his feet. "That's kind of you!" he said. "If you want to play, keep the seat for yourself. I'll find another later."

"Oh, but that's not what I mean!" the girl expostulated. Lithe as a kitten she settled into the chair, to prevent its being grabbed. "It's *not* kind of me, because I hope you'll pay me five francs. That's the way I earn pocket money these days."

"Good heavens!" exploded Lloyd, the St. George in him awake, scenting dragons from afar.

"Don't be shocked. It can't be helped," said the girl. "You'd better give me a few extra five franc pieces as they dislike people who don't play keeping seats from those who do. Say a louis. I'll try and win for you. If not, *tant pis!*"

They had been speaking in low tones, but this was no place for argument, and—hardly knowing what he should do or say—Lloyd took the girl at her word. He laid on the table four counters and went to the restaurant.

She "made her pocket money that way, these days!" How beastly! What could have brought such a child to such a pass? Lloyd bolted a sandwich and some Monaco beer, in order to hurry back—not to play, but to find out about the girl. She oughtn't to be in the Casino.

Returning, he found the young person with a pile of counters in front of her. "I've got you five louis, on the 'Classic Game,'" she announced. "Don't you think you owe me one of them, for that?"

"Of course. I'd like you to keep them all," he answered. "They're yours, not mine." Then, as an excuse to take the girl to a quiet seat, he added, "I wish you'd teach me the 'Classic Game.' Won't you? I didn't wait for coffee. Perhaps you'll not mind having some with me, in the restaurant?"

"*Mind!*" she gathered up the winnings, and slipped out of the seat, which was instantly annexed by a pretty lady, much painted. Lloyd was horrified to see the girl give the new-comer a smiling nod. He dared not criticise her conduct, however, and his companion chattered on as they walked to the restaurant.

"If you can guess how hungry I am, you know why I don't 'mind'!" she exclaimed. "But I wouldn't go with every man! You're English, and, of course, you've been a soldier. I'm sure you're all *right*. As for the game, I watched you playing your system, and it seems a lot better than the ancient 'Classic.' All you do is to put one piece on the first dozen, and one *on passe*. That leaves only six numbers and zero uncovered, or, you can play the other way round if you like, that is, on *manque*, and the last dozen. It comes to the same thing in the end: you lose your lot! But sometimes you pick up quite a bit before that happens."

By this time Lloyd had found a table free, and they sat down. She was not reluctant when he invited her to satisfy that hunger of hers. There was no shyness in her manner. Neither was she bold. She was just friendly and "pally," as if they'd known each other for weeks, and somehow—even if he had been different—Lloyd would have thought twice

MONTE CARLO WHILE YOU WAIT (continued)

before presuming on the slightest liberty. He could not make the girl out!

With exaggerated caution he put forth conversational feelers. His delicacy, however, was wasted. The young person was charmed to unfold her life's history!

Her father was a doctor in a Devonshire village. When the War broke out she—Cecily Dobell—was a flapper of sixteen. A "boy" she'd grown up with proposed before going to France. She accepted him, and when he left for the Front, she took up nursing in London. Why didn't she nurse nearer home? Oh, she *hated* home! She had a step-mother. At first she washed floors at the hospital, and did "all sorts of beastly things"; but she'd not been working a month when the Boy was killed, so she volunteered for Salonika, and stopped there till the end of the War.

"When I was 'demobbed,'" she said, "I thought I'd come here for a rest, from Marseilles. I'd just turned twenty-one, and when I saw what Monte was like, I sent home for some money my mother left for me when I should come of age. It was two hundred pounds. I felt sure I could win with it at Roulette, and I did win for awhile. But by and by I had a spell of hard luck. Then I threw good money after bad, till one day the last copper was gone. Heaven knows how I've lived since! But somehow I *have* lived."

"You ought to have wired to your father—or got a *viatique* from the Casino," said Lloyd, "to take you back to England."

"But, you see, I didn't want to go back to England," explained the girl. "There's nobody who cares for me there. And Monte's the loveliest place I ever saw. I have a few friends of a sort. They're good-natured. And the sun shines. I'd rather live here, from hand to mouth—any sort of way—than go to a home that isn't a home! I've never done anything downright *bad* yet, and I don't think I ever will. After all, there's no crime in earning money the way I do. I don't stick to any that's given me to play with—at least, I never have stuck yet. And just now—after various *quaint* adventures!—I'm leading such a funny existence, living with the weirdest Russian countess. She has a little villa up on the Boulevard de l'Observatoire. It's furnished like a theatre, with quantities of gilded things and bright-coloured curtains and fur rugs. The poor Countess plays like a fool, and loses. She's pawning her wonderful jewellery—which is the beginning of the end, I suppose, so she won't last me long. But at present I get my bed and two meals a day for looking after her dogs, brushing, feeding them, taking them walks. The Countess is in the Sporting Club nearly all night, and has what she calls supper about 5 a.m. Then she sleeps till 5 p.m., and breakfasts at six. It amuses me! She's quite kind, and to-morrow night she's lending me a dress and a string of lovely pearls for the opera. She can't be bothered going herself; it's Roulette for her till midnight and baccarat after, so she gave her two tickets to me. By the way, would you care to hear the opera? I'll give you one of the tickets if you would."

Lloyd could not help being interested in this strange little creature, so different from any girl he'd ever met. Perhaps, if she hadn't been pretty, disgust might have been the predominating sentiment, for he was very human. But she *was* pretty, and almost a child. He felt that duty called him to do the Big Brother act, and—well, the duty bade fair not to be unpleasant.

After he had fed Miss Dobell, she would have returned to the Rooms, to "cadge another job." But to be her Big Brother, Lloyd must talk to her like a "Dutch Uncle"; and to get the chance of delivering a lecture, he invited her to walk. "Why, yes, if you like," the girl answered. "But if you want to do something nice, *do* take me a spin in a taxi! I haven't had a run since I came. Couldn't afford it myself, and never before got on terms with a man I'd care to go with."

Lloyd was young enough to be flattered by the inference. He taxied her to Mentone, and to the funicular of that pointed, miniature mountain, L'Annonciata. On top, in the glassed-in terrace restaurant, they were in the midst of the sunset, red as the burning heart of a rose. They had tea, exchanged views of life, and got wonderfully well acquainted. Lloyd felt as if he had adopted an intelligent, rather troublesome baby. And he did not think much about Mrs. Thorne and his burst bubble of romance.

At last he took Miss Dobell to the Countess Rostofska's. He had hardly believed in the evening "breakfast," but the smell of coffee and English bacon pervaded the villa, as he bade his new friend *au revoir* on the threshold.

Yes, it *was* to be *au revoir!* Not only had he accepted the opera-ticket for to-morrow, but he'd invited the giver to dine, and he had promised to meet the girl in the Casino an hour before dinner. This was with the object of teaching her the system he had learned from his host, Sir Berrian Borrodaile, apparently the most inconsistent thing possible for a Big Brother who advised Little Sister to keep out of the Rooms!

There was, however, an excuse for the inconsistency. (There generally is!) Little Sister hadn't consented to keep out of the Casino, and hadn't promised not to play with every five franc-piece she could get hold of. The system was what Borrodaile called a "quiet" one. With a little skill and patience you were almost bound to pick up something; and, playing without method, as she usually did, Cissy Dobell (she told Lloyd her "home-name was Cissy") seldom picked up anything. Or, if she had luck, she went on till it ran out.

The one promise Big Brother could obtain was, that she wouldn't "hold down chairs for strangers," anyhow, not till he'd seen her again, and mapped out a plan for her future. He felt quite a glow of joy when she gave him her word! That night and next day he thought of little save Cissy Dobell, till the moment came for their meeting.

Lloyd scarcely knew the girl at first. From a shabby little mouse, she had turned into a brilliant butterfly. Her Russian Countess had lent her for dinner and the opera a dress and daring little cap of

MONTE CARLO WHILE YOU WAIT (continued)

gold tissue: also a string of pearls which, to the man's eyes, appeared magnificent. The gold cap fitted closely to the small head, pushing forward the bobbed golden hair, and giving an effect of rose-and-pearl to the small face it framed. Lloyd's heart beat faster. He hadn't realised how enchanting this daughter of Devonshire was!

He would have got out of teaching the system if he could, for Cissy was too striking a figure for the Rooms. But she had kept her word, and insisted that he should keep his. Accordingly he taught her the method of play—attack and progression—which Borrodaile had named

HEART OF THE GAME.

The "Attack."

As written out by Sir Berrian Borrodaile.

Every attack at Roulette is an attempt to win at least as many bets as you lose.

The ancient *Avant Dernier*, where you wait for two spins, then play for the last colour but one to come again, gives you all intermittances (after the first of them) and all runs after the first two. But there are so many combinations of figures which make you lose, that in the end the attractive-sounding *Avant Dernier*, proves a broken reed. Study on the same lines, however, has developed a much more subtle and repaying attack.

"Found her at length . . . . lolling disconsolately in the Salle Schmidt"

Examine any record of Roulette, and you see certain groupings of well-known figures that constantly occur; the Intermittance, the Run, the *Coup de Deux*, the *Coup de Trois*, the figure called Two-One (*i.e.*, B.B.R. or R.R.B.) and Three-One (B.B.B.R. or R.R.R.B.). To invent an attack which conquers these figures, is to go far towards solving the problem of Roulette.

Play therefore, for the repetition, not of the *Avant Dernier coup* (or spin before the last), but for the *Avant Avant Dernier*, the last spin but two. And do not regard these spins in the usual way, as reds and blacks, but as *runs* and *intermittances*. This idea is new to most Roulette players, but has great advantages.

Write on paper a string of any patterns, imagining that you begin to play only after the first three spins. You will see that with this method you win all Intermittances, all Runs, all "Two-Ones" and "Three-Threes." But no attack is so good that at least *two* figures are not against it. In this game the "Two-Twos" (one *Coup de Deux* following another) and Three-Ones (three of a colour followed by one of the other colour) are the Enemy. They make you lose every bet, while they go on. But why let them defeat you? Either stop playing till the figures change, or risk betting for the hostile combination to continue. Thus, if it repeats, as it often does, you win; but you return to your proper game as soon as it breaks up.

For this attempt to reach the Heart of Roulette, there are two very suitable progressions. The safer of the two is the "See-Saw." It takes patience, but it is solid as a rock.

You begin by playing 1 unit (say, a five franc piece, or a louis) and continue on that stake while you win, or till you have lost three bets in *succession*. When this happens the 3 losing stakes are written on your card thus: 1, 1, 1; and you then play 2 units instead of one. If this bet wins, you strike out with your pencil the *third* losing 1, and the figures stand 1, 1. You drop to the stake of one, and continue on it till you lose one (when you return to staking two), or till you win one twice, whereupon all losses are wiped out. Of course, you may lose several twos, say three, when your card will stand, 111,222. This forces you to play 3; and if you win your first bet of 3 you strike out your *last* losing two, returning to a stake of two; but a loss of three, three times, forces you to a stake of four, and so on, up and down like a See-Saw. Each phase of the game must be carefully marked, and the player must never forget to strike out losses and descend to the lower scale when he can.

The alternative progression is:

THE LONG PAROLI.

A "Paroli," so called, means leaving your own stake and your win both on the table for a repetition of a win, each time you have made one. This special Paroli is arranged for fifteen spins, and with such a good attack as the "Heart of the Game," you seldom fail to make two consecutive wins in fifteen spins of the wheel. When you do fail, however, you lose 234 units, a considerable "bust" for which only your frequent successes (shown in the last column under "Net Profit") can atone.

Order of Coups.	Amount of Stake.	Sum of Losses.	Net Profits.
1	1	1	3
2	1	2	2
3	2	4	4
4	3	7	8
5	3	10	4
6	4	14	2
7	6	20	4
8	8	28	4
9	10	38	2
10	14	52	4
11	18	70	2
12	25	95	5
13	34	129	7
14	45	174	6
15	60	234	6

MONTE CARLO WHILE YOU WAIT (*continued*)

Miss Dobell, an experienced little player, was bewitched with the new idea in the attack. But for the progression it was the Long Paroli which caught her fancy. She did not, however, mention this preference. Shrewdly she guessed that Lloyd would counsel her against it, as her capital consisted only of what she called her "professional" savings. Taking a five franc unit, these savings would not carry her to the eleventh coup, much less the fifteenth, so she would have to make two consecutive wins early in the game. Yet the more she thought, the more she yearned for the risk.

Lloyd expected that they would sit together for an experimental game, and suggested "lumping their capitals." In that way, he said, they could safely use a louis unit playing the "See Saw."

They won, and it seemed the hand of Fate that made Cissy's half of the takings the very sum needed for the fifteen stages of the Long Paroli. She was happy, and bowed so beamingly to the Pretty Lady who'd claimed acquaintance yesterday, that the latter stopped and spoke.

"*Ma foi*, petite, but you are *chic* to-night!" the Siren exclaimed in French. "Where did you get your pearls?"

The glance she gave Lloyd as she spoke betrayed her guess. The girl, however, explained glibly that the string had been lent by the Countess Rostofska, and the name seemed known to the Lady. "Ah, the Countess might as well give you the pearls," she chuckled. "One says her lovely things go piece by piece to the Mont de Pieté!"

So speaking, the painted person snatched at the string, and held it close to her near-sighted eyes. "*Superbe!*" she murmured, with the air of a *connoisseur*. But Lloyd could stand no more. Saying that they must go now, or be late for the opera, he got his companion away.

Between the acts of an opera at Monte Carlo there is a very long interval; and, after Act Two, Little Sister expressed her desire to gamble. Lloyd could by this time refuse her nothing, and when, in the Rooms, she wished him to "leave her alone at a table: he made her jumpy," he could but obey. He played a little himself with the "See Saw," to pass the time, then sought Cissy, lest they should be late. He found her at length, in the last place he would have expected; lolling disconsolately on one of the leather-covered seats in the Salle Schmidt. The girl looked so pale he feared she must be ill.

"What is the matter?" he asked.

"I want to go drown myself, that's all," she moaned. "But I thought it wouldn't be polite to do it without explaining to you first."

"I should think not, indeed!" he snorted. "What's happened? You've lost a few wretched louis?"

"If it *were* only a few!" she gasped, and told him everything; confessed the Long Paroli; wins at first, then a break on the fifteenth stage.

"I *knew* it couldn't happen again," the girl rushed on. "After such vile luck, everything would run my way. I just *had* to have more capital, so I went to one of the moneylenders in the Rooms, a horrid old man, the shape of an egg, and asked him to let me have two thousand francs. He wouldn't. Then I offered the Countess's pearls for security, to hold for half an hour till I could pay him back. Nothing doing! Said that wasn't his way of business. I was *wild!* So I went to Liane Merri—that girl you don't like me to speak with. She's always *smeared* with bank notes! I told her I needed three thousand francs—thought I might as well die for a sheep as a lamb! And she lent them to me like a bird. On the pearls, of course. Oh, what happened next is too bad to be true. It *must* be a dream. Pinch my arm, and wake me up!"

She was in tears now, the Princess forlorn, and St. George—seeing the drops fall—wanted to kill a dozen dragons.

"Poor child!" he mumbled. "You lost?"

"Ye-es. It couldn't happen like that twice in a *thousand* years! I don't know what's to become of me!"

"I do," said Lloyd. "You and I are going to find the Merri, pay back the three thou., and get the pearls."

"Oh, you're a *saint!*" wailed the girl.

Lloyd feared he was more of a fool; but didn't mind in the least.

The programme sounded simple, and so it would have been if they could have found Mademoiselle Merri. Abandoning all thought of the opera, they searched the Casino, and Lloyd scoured the Sporting Club—in vain. By this time the opera was over, and they watched the audience leaving, in case Liane might have gone to the theatre. She was not in the crowd. They rushed to every restaurant in Monte Carlo that was open for supper, and, taking a taxi, visited others down in the Condamine.

It was there, in a small hotel, that the Painted Lady lived. Cissy knew the address. They drove to the place, and were told by a sleepy *concierge* that Mademoiselle had left. She had come in much excited, nearly two hours ago, had said that she'd received bad news, and must go home to Marseilles at once. There was no train, and she intended motoring. She took only a dressing-bag and a small box, with the things she valued most. She would send for the rest.

Lloyd got the girl into the taxi again almost fainting. It was clear that the woman had stolen the pearls, which must be worth fifty thousand francs—two thousand pounds—at least.

"I shall be sent to prison," sobbed the girl. "I shall deserve it, too! The Countess is kind—but she's living on her jewels, and the string of pearls is one of the best things left. I must throw myself on her mercy, but——"

"You'll throw yourself nowhere!" Lloyd broke in. He'd been trying to plan Little Sister's future, but now he saw it clearly shaped before his eyes.

"I'll take you to a nice, quiet hotel on the Boulevard des Moulins, where I've had lunch several times," he went on. "I'll put you in the landlady's charge, and she'll lend you some sort of night things. There you'll rest till morning—and *I'll* do the rest! I'll put the police on to Merri, though I'm afraid, if

(*Continued on page 60*)

After the Rain — a Mustard Bath

WHAT a real pleasure it is to get into a hot Mustard Bath after being out in the pouring rain!

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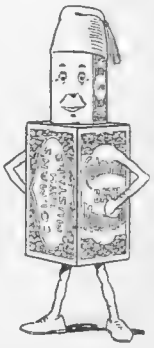

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A New Literary Log Rolled by Ralph Straus

FOR years past there has been considerable pandering to the collector. He has had a whole library written for his benefit. He has been shown how to collect everything from four-posters to postage stamps. He has been told how to make a good investment out of books or violins or mezzotints or old glass. In fact, there have been books upon almost every collectable object—except, perhaps, cigarette-pictures (which can be quite amusing: I know a man who has over six thousand varieties bound up very neatly into twenty fat volumes). And yet I believe that, until now, when Mr. Hayden publishes his *Bye-Paths in Curio Collecting* (Fisher Unwin: 21*s.* net), there has been no book which deals solely with the "minor articles of everyday use of a past age." These minor articles, of course, need not be interesting or beautiful, but belonging, as they do, to the old days before machinery had come to create havoc, they very often are both. And Mr. Hayden is a very old hand at the game. In this new book of his he covers a truly astonishing area. He starts off by giving the novice a good piece of advice: "Don't follow, lead," and the novice is certainly given a wide choice.

RETROSPECTION!

"Do you remember, Sam, how nice and peaceful it was during the war?"

FIRST comes a chapter on boxes, all sorts of boxes, from old travelling trunks and marriage-chests to the old Bible box. There is a picture of one steel casket which has a lock with no less than thirty-six bolts—the sort of thing which our bankers to-day might with advantage start to collect. Then Mr. Hayden discusses snuffers and bellows and all the paraphernalia of the old-time smoker. The next chapter embraces "the land," and, if you have room, you should collect old implements and man-traps—surely these ought to be *used* once again on some folk I could mention?—and spinning-wheels. Then there are old playing-cards and watch-stands, needlework, earrings, and cradles. There are old toys and toy-books and fans, silhouettes—here, of course, the ground has already been covered, notably by Captain Desmond Coke—teapots and political plates, door-knockers and keys. In fact, Mr. Hayden is a most comprehensive guide, philosopher, and friend, and if you collect something which he has omitted to mention, write and accuse him. The book is lavishly furnished with over seventy full-page illustrations.

IF you describe a novel as a German spy-story, you think naturally of Philips Oppenheim or William Le Queux. You expect a ravishingly beautiful Countess and a hero more or less unofficially engaged in tracking her down. You demand a "surprise" at the end of each chapter, and hope that the explanation of such mysteries as have been piling up will not be too lame. Yet *The Messenger* (Hodder and Stoughton: 7*s.* net) which is Elizabeth Robin's new novel, is, I suppose, a German spy-story, and it has none of these things. There is no mystery; there are no surprises. As a spy-story it is not unusually exciting. Yet it is an interesting work, and it may be that Miss Robins thinks the time has come for a spy-story which is rather closer to actual truth than are most books of the kind. The opening, however, is familiar. Greta Schwarzenberg is the popular governess in a British Cabinet Minister's house. Gavan Napier is the Minister's secretary. Greta has an American girl friend, called Nan, who takes important papers to America for her, and refuses to think ill of the woman. Nan's relations to Gavan and to his pacifist friend, Julian, are irritatingly vague. Altogether the story, I think, is not as exciting as it might be, although the scenes it includes are dramatic enough. (The torpedoing of a liner is splendidly described.) The final prison scene showing Greta in her horrible sack of a dress is thrilling, but you never become particularly interested in her "work." She is rather too obvious. The feeling remains, on closing her story, that Miss Robins might well have left such person to the safe, if exaggerating, pen of William Le Queux.

Do Too Many Cooks Spoil the Broth?

IN the January *Book Monthly* four brilliant novelists—Mrs. Williamson, Jeffery Farnol, Mrs. Alice Perrin, and William J. Locke—have conspired to tell what, being neither a *conte* nor a short story, is a *nouvelle*, a novel in little, called "The Lighted House." This is related in four successive chapters—with the hall-mark of each author's style conspicuous on each, and presents as interesting a study of personality in writing, delicately contrasted, as we can recall in English fiction: an example in finished collaboration on which the *Book Monthly* is to be highly congratulated.

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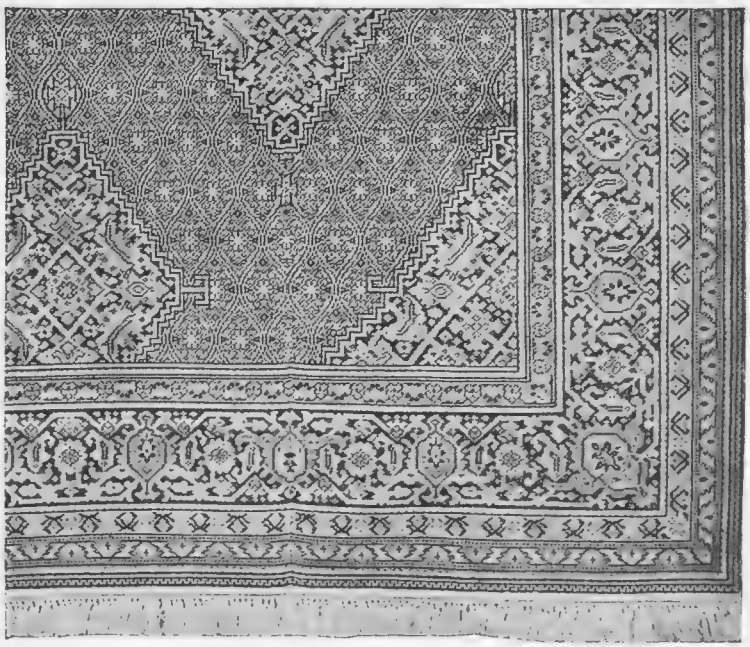

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Photograph *Newspaper Illust.*

FREE-WHEELING WITHOUT WHEELS

The start of a cycle-toboggan race at Mürren. As will be seen, the frame of the vehicle is like that of the homely push-bike, and it is steered in the same way, but it is mounted on runners instead of wheels, and, like a toboggan, requires the aid of an incline to get it going

Games and Pastimes

RUGBY FOOTBALL

The Harlequins Beat the Navy

AFTER the severe defeat which they sustained in their return match with Blackheath on the Saturday of Christmas week it was not expected that the Harlequins would beat the strong side which the Navy put into the field against them at Queen's Club last Wednesday. However, the "'Quins." are not the sort of people to sit down under defeat, and they tried a rearrangement of their three-quarter line with conspicuous success. The effective alteration was the playing of V. R. Price at left centre instead of on the wing, and the bringing in of R. Hamilton-Wickes, the Wellington boy, to the wing position.

Clever Three-Quarter Play

PRICE, it will be remembered, is the general utility man of the Oxford University team, who has played, at different times, half-back, three-quarter, and full back. In the 'Varsity match he played full-back up to half-time, and then took the place of F. A. Waldock, the stand-off half-back, who was injured. On Wednesday he showed that the centre three-quarter position is the one which perhaps suits him best, for he got up his pace quickly, took his passes—some of which were none too easy—deftly on the run, and ran straight; added to which he and Wickes soon established a good understanding, and their combination was really fine.

Where the Navy Failed

IT was this that enabled the Harlequins to win. In other respects the teams were about evenly matched, but when the Navy three-quarters got the ball (as they did pretty often) their combination was at fault, and their centres were too apt to bore their wings out on to the touch-line instead of going straight ahead. Price and Wickes scored the first try for the Harlequins by means of the return pass, and after this the halves were astute enough to work

Photograph *Sport and General*

THE CORINTHIANS HARD PRESSED

In their match with a picked team of Southern League professionals on December 29, the Corinthians were beaten by 3 goals to nil. But for the sturdy defence of their goalkeeper, N. V. C. Turner (who is seen in the foreground on the right), the score would have been much bigger, for they were somewhat unlucky in the matter of casualties and were kept on the defensive nearly all the time

The 'Quins Prevail at Queen's

After being rather badly beaten by Blackheath a couple of Saturdays ago, the Harlequins surprised and delighted their supporters by winning a handsome victory against a powerful team of the Navy at Queen's Club last Wednesday. Some comments on the match will be found on p. 54

BY PHYLLIS KERMODE

that wing whenever they could. The same pair were responsible for the Harlequins' second try, and mainly for the third, although Brown, a forward, joined in the run and went in with the final pass from Wickes. The Navy brought off one really good movement, and this resulted in a try to Davies, but they got no further, and the Harlequins thus scored a well-merited win after a most enjoyable game.

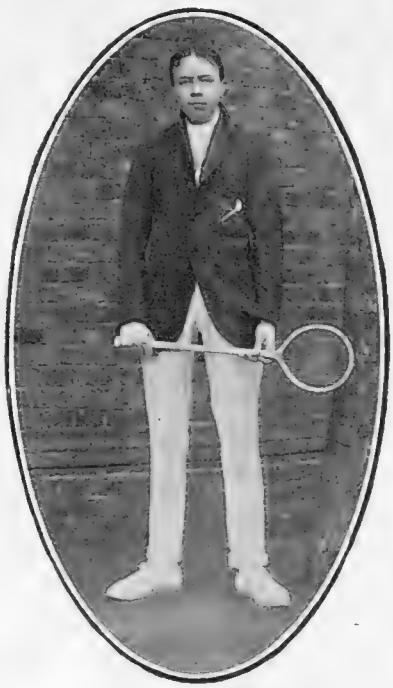
H. A. BRANDT (Rugby)
Beaten in the semi-final by the winner, to whom he had to owe 6 and give 4

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL

The Corinthians on Tour

On New Year's Day the Corinthians played, and drew with, Queen's Park at Glasgow in the last match of their tour. It was the revival of a historic encounter, which, owing to the "split" in the first place and then to the War, had been in abeyance since 1907, and was consequently an occasion of great enthusiasm, there being some 40,000 onlookers. The ground was hard owing to frost, and this had an adverse effect upon the play, which was good without being brilliant, and the Corinthians on the whole had rather the best of it in a game in which each side scored once. In the previous matches of their tour the Corinthians beat the Army and the Scottish Universities, but they were beaten by a team of Yorkshire amateurs, against whom they could only put on a rather weak side, and by a team of Southern League professionals, when they were unlucky in having several men more or less seriously "crocked." On the whole, considering the difficulties which have attended the reconstruction of Amateur "Soccer," they may be said to have done very well.

The Public Schools Rackets Handicap at Queen's Club



L. LEES (Wellington)
The winner. In the final he owed 5 to E. J. Pye-Smith (Cheltenham) and beat him by 3 games to 0

RACKETS

Youthful Talent at Queen's

The two best players in the Public Schools Handicap, at Queen's Club, were H. A. Brandt, of Rugby, and G. F. Hazlehust, of Marlborough. Although heavily handicapped they survived to the semi-final, where they were beaten respectively by L. Lees (Wellington) and E. J. Pye-Smith (Cheltenham). In the final, Lees beat Pye-Smith by three games to love. The handicaps were freshly apportioned after each match, and in the semi-final Pye-Smith played so well against Hazlehust that the handicappers "put it across" him rather too heavily in the final.

ATHLETICS

A Brace of Challenges

This year looks like being a busy one for the English and American Universities. About three weeks ago Oxford and Cambridge sent a challenge to Harvard and Yale to meet them in an athletic contest, and last week Pennsylvania University invited Oxford and Cambridge to send teams to compete in the Pennsylvania Sports Carnival on May 7. The proposal is that each University should send to America a team of ten, including a team of four for the Inter-University relay race, which is to be the big event of the gathering. It may be recalled that a similar visit to America was paid by a team of undergraduates from this country in 1914, and that on that occasion the four-mile relay race was won by Oxford, for whom A. N. S. Jackson (now Colonel A. N. S. Jackson) in the final stage of the race won by inches from W. Macurdy, of Pennsylvania. As there are some good athletes at the 'Varsities this year we may hope that history will repeat itself. H.S.S.

G. W. F. HAZLEHUST
Who survived to the semi-final in spite of a heavy handicap. He and Brandt were the two best players in the event

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Racing Notions

BY "CARBINE"

A Fine Horseman

MR. H. A. BROWN, who is added to our series of racing caricatures this week, is one of the best amateur cross-country riders of the time. A member of a family of keen sportsmen who are well known in the Atherstone country, Mr. Brown rides with great judgment, and puts plenty of determination into his finishes. It is sufficient for him to get up in a gentlemen riders' race to cause his mount to be "inquired after" in the ring. In fact, a frequent question at steeplechase meetings is: "What is Mr. Brown riding?" The compliment which this suggests is well deserved. There are not many professional jockeys who can beat him in the art of race-riding. He comes out on top of the list of successful cross-country riders, amateur or professional, for the past year. He is, too, a successful trainer, and is doing well this season with his string of horses.

India's Chief Race

CABLES from India show that the Viceroy's Cup on Boxing Day produced an extraordinarily good race. It seems that First Flier won by a short head from Roubaix and One, who ran a dead-heat for second place, so one can easily realise the excitement the struggle must have aroused in the vast crowd which assembled on the Calcutta course. You will remember First Flier as the winner of the Irish Derby of 1917. He had been purchased ridiculously cheaply as a yearling, Mr. Parkinson getting him for 35 guineas at Mr. Musker's sale. Even when he was sold at the end of his three year old career for 1,150 guineas to go to India he was a cheap horse. The Viceroy's Cup is India's premier race, and owners will go to very long prices nowadays in the hope of getting a likely winner.

The Victory 'Chase

"BOB GORE'S done it again!" That was the remark one heard in the paddock at Manchester after the Victory Steeplechase of £1,000 last week. If there are any big events over fences to be run you may be sure that Mr. Gore will send something dangerous from Findon to take part in it. On this particular occasion his representative, Loch Allen, was not specially fancied, but Gore brought him out in splendid condition, and he easily beat all the best-backed horses. I was very favourably impressed with Loch Allen's display over the Aintree country, but it is difficult to perceive how he is to be weighted to have any chance of beating Poethlyn this year. The handicapper is very much impeded by the fact that he cannot put more than 12st. 7lb. on the back of the top-weight. It simply means that all the moderate horses will be bunched together at the bottom of the handicap, which is not my idea of a race of this description, though the present conditions are strongly favoured in many quarters.

"HARRY"

Mr. Harry Atherton Brown is one of the most popular and able gentlemen riders of the day

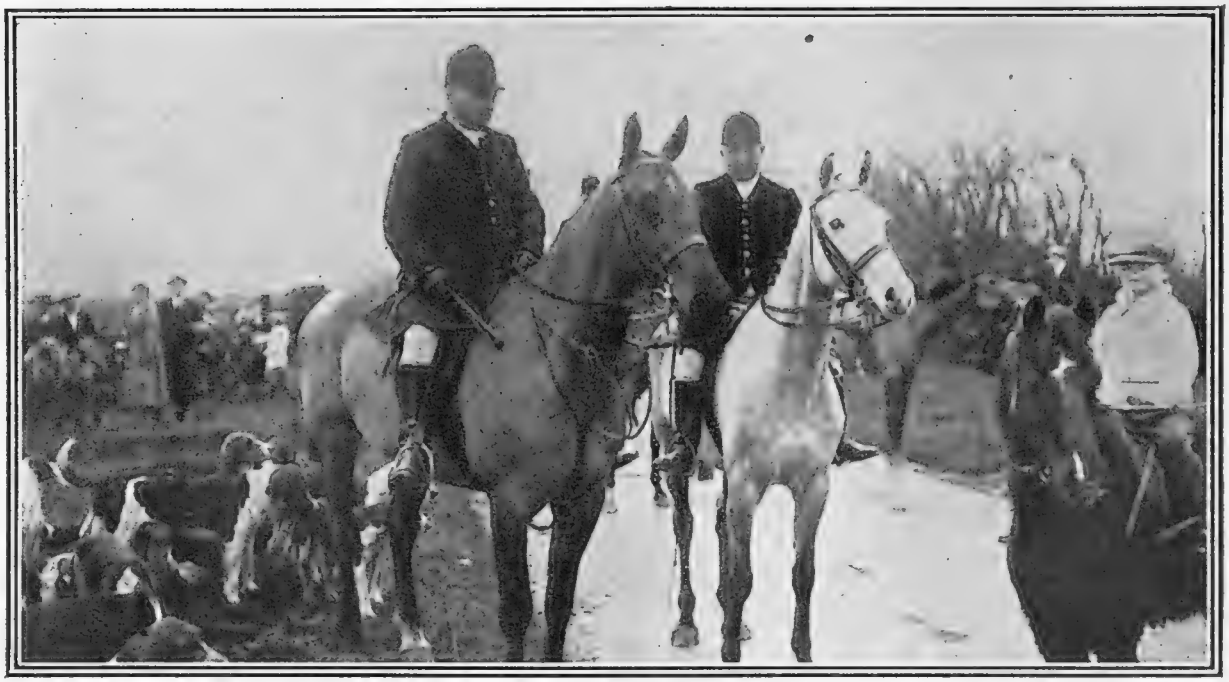
By "THE TOUT"

Rival Hurdle Racers

FURIOUS gave a sparkling display at Manchester, and, in my opinion, he is the best of the young hurdle racers we have seen this season. On the other hand, White Heat has almost as many admirers. It will be a regular tit-bit when these two good performers come together over hurdles. My money will go on Furious, who, to my idea, possesses rather more dash than his rival. I imagine that White Heat would be the better of the pair if they met over two miles on the flat, but hurdle-racing is quite a different game. Your best performers over hurdles have usually been speedy horses.

Some Selections

THIS week's racing will be at Gatwick on Wednesday and Thursday, and at Haydock Park on the two following days. The Four Year Old Hurdle Handicap looks like being one of the best races on Wednesday. This may be won by **Potentate.** On the following day Lord Lonsdale's colours may be carried successfully in the Amateur Riders' Steeplechase by **Cresley,** whose career has been rather disappointing so far. At Haydock Park I expect **Dornoch** to win the Ashton Hurdle Race on Friday, and **Bell Toll,** who ran very well in the big race at Manchester last week, ought to be worth following in the January Steeplechase. Within a few days we shall have the entries for the Spring handicaps, a sign that another flat-racing season is not very far away.



Photograph TWO FAMOUS HUNTSMEN *Topical*

Charles Cox, of the Bicester, and Charles Sturman, of the Heythrop Hunt. The former took his hounds for a day's sport in the Heythrop country recently

By Field, Stream & Covert

The Adare Shoot

IN spite of advancing years—he will be seventy-nine next month—Lord Dunraven retains all his keenness for sport, and the shooting-party which he entertained at Adare Manor at Christmas found him as eager as ever for a good bag to be secured. The coverts proved to be well-stoc ed, considering the difficulties of keeping a good head of game which were experienced even in Ireland during the War, and the guns enjoyed capital sport. One of the foremost yachtsmen of his day and a leading breeder of bloodstock, Lord Dunraven is a *doyen* among Irish sportsmen. He possesses a splendid stud farm at Adare Manor, and though that remarkable horse, Desmond, who brought so much grist to the mill, is now dead, his son, Lomond, looks like carrying on his fame.

Hounds Doing Well

THINGS went satisfactorily for hounds in the last few weeks of the Old Year. There was a good deal of wet, and the country became very heavy in the low-lying districts, but rain is preferable to snow, so far as hunting is concerned, and followers of hounds have had agreeably few serious stoppages up to the present. "Touch wood," however, for most of us can recall some prolonged spells of enforced idleness for hounds in January and February. It is now possible to survey the position of hunting in regard to its general resuscitation, and I think it can fairly be said that the results so far have been satisfactory enough. Of course, hunting never really ceased during the War, because everybody recognised that it would be supremely difficult to revive it once it was completely suspended. The arrangements which were then made for "carrying on" in a modest way are now seen to have been judicious, and riders have been able this season to enjoy their sport much in the same old way.

Photograph *W. A. Rouch*

LADY CHARLES FREDERICK

The wife of the Master of the Pytchley, is a keen sportswoman

A Lady Master

A NUMBER of impending changes in hunting countries have recently been announced. Mrs. Inge gives up the Atherstone country at the end of the season. I suppose this Hunt would, like all the others, have found a way of maintaining its existence during the War, but it would certainly have been difficult work without Mrs. Inge's wholehearted efforts to keep things going. It was bad luck for her that the War, starting almost before she had started on her term of office, should have taken much of the pleasure out of the Mastership of hounds, but she stuck gallantly to her post in spite of all disadvantages, and she has the satisfaction of knowing that, when she hands over the hounds to the new M.F.H. next spring, the reputation of the Atherstone will stand as high as ever it did since

BY FIELD, STREAM AND COVERT (concluded)

the days of Colonel Anstruther Thomson.

A Bedale Change

MEMBERS of the Bedale Hunt will have to find a successor to Mr. J. J. Moubray, who retires at the end of the season. He took on a difficult task when he followed the Duke of Leeds in the Mastership of the pack. That was nearly sixteen years ago, but Mr. Moubray has done extremely well, and the followers of the pack will be sorry to lose him. He has been fortunate in having a succession of very good huntsmen. His first was Frank Freeman. He proved himself a first-class man with the Bedale, and it was rather a blow to the M.F.H. when his smart professional was approached by the Pytchley people after a couple of seasons. Naturally Freeman accepted this chance of improving his position and members of the Bedale have followed his highly successful career in the Shires with much interest. He was succeeded by Sam Gillson, who was also attracted to Leicestershire before long, yet an able successor to him was secured in Peter Farrelly.

GENERAL SIR BRYAN MAHON
This distinguished soldier is a fine all-round sportsman who has made his mark in shooting, hunting, polo, pig-sticking, and steeplechase riding

LORD GRANARD AND MRS. WYNDHAM QUIN
At the Adare Manor shoot

Polo at Cannes

WHEN I tell you that Major "Rattle" Barrett is taking charge of the polo season which is about to begin at Cannes, you will realise that the thing will be well done, for he is a splendid organiser, and commands a big following in polo to-day. It is, in fact, a case of one good man succeeding another at Cannes, for we must not forget that Colonel E. D. Miller founded winter polo on the Riviera, and brought off several good seasons there before the War. From all I hear there is likely to be a strong muster of players, English, French, and American, on the lovely Côte d'Azur. One keen sportsman, alas! will not be there—Arthur Capel, whose death in a motoring accident in France just before Christmas came as a great shock to his many friends. Players need not be frightened by the question of expense, for at the present rate of exchange you can live in the best hotels at Cannes and keep your men and ponies even more cheaply than you could do at home. The season begins in the middle of the present month, and will last until the end of March.

A. W. C.

A WINDY DAY FOR THE CHRISTMAS SHOOT AT ADARE MANOR, IN COUNTY LIMERICK
The party on their way to Lord Dunraven's coverts, which yielded capital sport

MONTE CARLO WHILE YOU WAIT (*concluded from page 48*)

she said she was going to Marseilles, she will have melted away in some other direction. Later I'll find the Countess Rostofska at her baccarat, introduce myself, ask what she wants for her pearls, and—buy them. I've got plenty to do that, without hurting myself, and I'd do a lot more—for *you*."

"I didn't think there were such men in the world!" gulped Cecily. "But how can I let you do it? I'm not worthy. And—I can never repay you."

"I don't want pay. And the rest's a matter of opinion," said Lloyd.

He felt all the simple ecstasy of being a Knight Errant and—something deeper, warmer, which grew and grew though he didn't stop to understand it, as he disposed of Miss Dobell's fate.

When he had placed her practically in the landlady's arms he dashed to the police, and told his story with so many reservations (he *couldn't* give Cissy away!) that he was regarded with suspicion. It was so late when he rescued himself from official catechising that he missed the Countess at the Club; and the one thing to do was to catch her at home before she got to bed. A taxi flashed him up the steep hill to her house. With relief he saw lights in the windows. His ring at the bell was the signal for a burst of dog music, and a man-servant peeped through a crack of the door.

"Tell Madame I am a friend—a relative— of Miss Dobell," he said. "I've come to explain her absence." And in another moment he was talking to a thin woman surrounded with doghood.

It was the most difficult task of his life, and, put it as mildly as he could, he expected an outbreak. What if she refused to make a price, and preferred sending the girl to prison?

To his amazement the lady laughed. It *must* be hysterics!

"What do I want for my pearls?" she echoed, in perfect English. "I'll tell you, Monsieur the Major (she glanced at his visiting-card), when you have first told me something. What do you want with my little companion?"

"Why—why—I—want to marry her, of course, if she'll have me. And I shall propose to-morrow, whatever you may do," Lloyd enlightened himself as he enlightened the Countess. The plan was new to him. But it was a good plan—a beautiful plan. The best and only plan!

"I think she *will* have you," said the lady. "I should, in her place. As for the pearls—you may give me three hundred francs for them."

"Madame!" Lloyd stammered.

She laughed again. "I'm fond of my Cissy—*your* Cissy!—but not to trust her with fifty thousand francs' worth of pearls. I lent her a copy. A joke, is it not?"

In a daze, he counted out three hundred francs.

"I drink to your happiness!" the little woman drained her glass of champagne. "And your System. I shall try it!"

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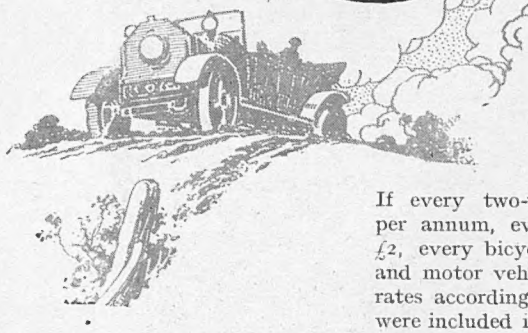
Motoring & Aviation



IT has come to a pretty nice state of things when motorists are asked to sign their own warrant for the detention of their cash. I don't want to pay special taxes because I use a motor vehicle, and I've never met a motorist who did, and, what is more, why should we? What is the meaning of the "open road" if it is not free to all users? and why one particular set of roadlers should be asked to pay extra to the others is unfair. Nobody minds a reasonable carriage tax for revenue purposes, but to be asked to pay local rates, fuel taxes, licence to drive, registration fees, and the carriage tax as well, is sheer plundering. I feel that it is all very well for the Motor Legislation Committee to send me a nicely printed questionaire asking in what sort of manner I should like to pay taxes because I motor, but my retort is why ask me and other motor users to pay at all? Why, indeed? Motorists are a blessing to the general community. Who else has improved our roads: who does more to keep the roadside inn in the land of the living: who else finds work to vary the monotony of the peripatetic police force: who comes to the rescue when the railways strike or rows of any sort in this wide world happen? Why, the motorists every time.

* * *

ONE thing certain, however, must happen, and that is the classification of motor vehicles, of those with exemption of certain taxes, and those that pay double on account of such exemptions, has got to be amended. I see no good reason why the business motor should pay less than the so-called pleasure carriage, which is quite as much a business vehicle as the other sort. I don't believe in the rebate system, and I don't believe in any particular class of the community paying more towards our lines of communication than any other. What is really wanted is a general levelling-up of all traffic that uses the roads, never mind how they use them, because everybody really benefits by them, directly or indirectly. If every two-wheeled cart paid £1 per annum, every four-wheeled on £2, every bicycle paid half a crown, and motor vehicles paid double these rates according to the category they were included in, it would produce the revenue required, or, if not, raise the rates accordingly. But it must be looked upon as purely a revenue-raising taxation, not a sort of road tax.

* * *

IF the Treasury and Inland Revenue people insist upon an import duty on motor fuel, let it be purely that, and, considering the quantity is more than 300,000,000 gallons per annum, an import duty of 3*d.* per gallon would produce a revenue of £3,750,000 per annum, which is no mean sum. No need for mythical horse-power ratings, no need of special systems for collection, the machinery all exists in the County Councils, and Customs, and the Ministry of Transport, as every vehicle has now its local number, and only the bicycles would have to be identified by number-plates. Of course, all the owners of horse-drawn and motor-drawn commercial vehicles won't like having to pay anything, nor will the cyclists; but who does like paying taxes? Yet we all know we have got to, and the amounts asked are so small that there can be no real hardship caused. By this system everybody who travels pays something, in railway fares or taxes, and sometimes both, equal treatment for goods and persons, and what more do you want in this land of justice?

* * *

ALL the sporty brigade will be glad to learn that there are prospects of another race in the Isle of Man this year. At present the Tourist Trophy motor-cycle races for heavy and light-weight machines give two days' racing, and at the Junior Car Club dinner recently it was suggested that as there is a blank day between those two events a light-car race would not be a bad idea to be run to fill it, provided this would get the support of the R.A.C., the Junior Car Club, and the makers of light cars—that is, cars fitted with engines of not more than 1,500 c.c. cylinder capacity. I hope it will come off, as there is nothing like the strenuousness of a road race to find out the weak points of a car. OLD HY.

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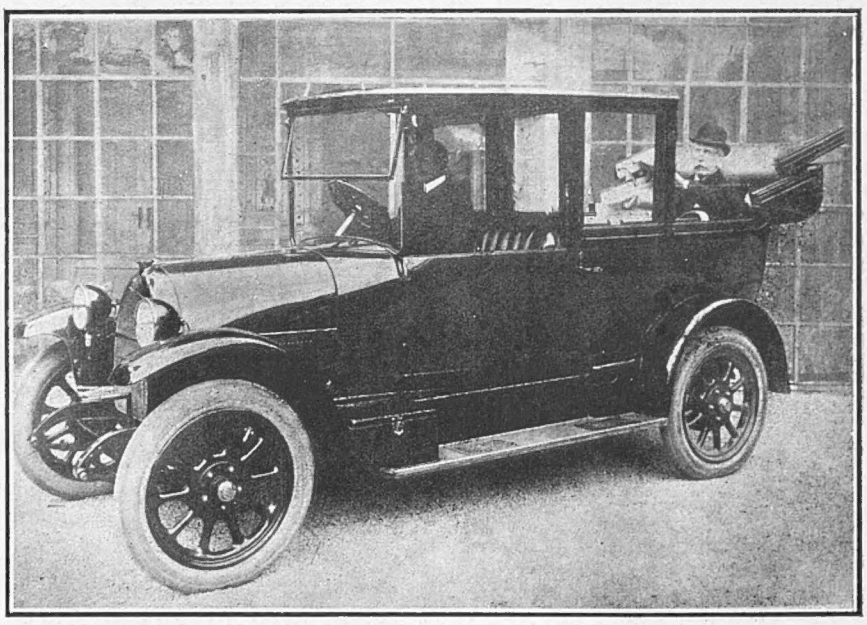

SIR GEORGE BUCHANAN, P.C., G.C.M.G.

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